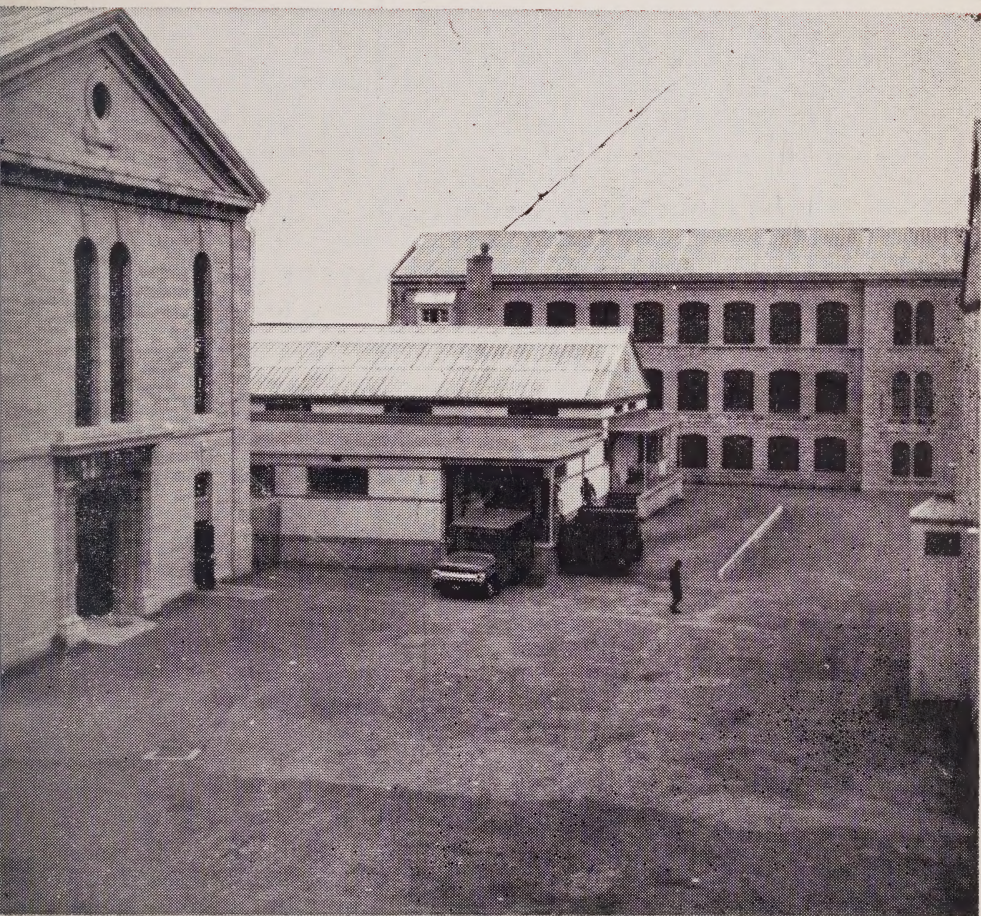


K-P

telescope

May-June 1965



A VIEW FROM INSIDE THE WALL

"The K.P. Telescope is published to provide the inmate with a medium of creative expression and communication, in order to cultivate a better understanding with the outside world."

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

Commissioner of Penitentiaries

A. J. MacLeod, Q.C.

PENITENTIARY SERVICE

Hazen F. Smith — Warden

A.J. Jarvis — Deputy Warden

R. L. Lawton

Telescope Liaison Officer

FRONT COVER

To the left is the kitchen. In the background is the East Cell Block: 1st floor, Segregation Cells; 2nd floor Psychiatric ward; and 3rd floor is a cell range for long timers.

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CONTENTS

MAY

JUNE

ARTICLES:

Introducing the New Warden	2
Brainwashing in Prison ? —NO !	Orland French 3
M.P. Delivers Sermon to Inmate Congregation	9
Herstedvester (<i>The Danish Remand-Institution</i>)	T. Thompson 13
Prison Without Pains !	Giles Playfair 18
Some Make Careers of Prison	J.H. Sherman 31
The Cockleburrr Speaks !	American Journal of Correction 33

FEATURES:

Penal News	Robert Edwards 5
Telescope Crossword Puzzle	Robert Edwards 12
Warden's Diary of 1847	Wayne McKinney 21
Three Poems	23
Sports Scorecard	Alan Baker 36
Letters to the Editor	49

FICTION:

The Escape	John Copely 10
------------------	----------------

HUMOUR:

Canada's Contribution to Ornithology	Alan Baker 24
--	---------------

STATISTICS

High Number	1823	Low Number	2157
Received During Month	86	Deaths	0
Paroles	1	Discharged by Expiration	12
Transferred	52	Escaped	1
Parole Violations	4	Total Population	874

Permission for republication of material in this issue is freely granted on the understanding that usual credit be given.



WARDEN HAZEN F. SMITH

Kingston Penitentiary's gain is Dorchester Penitentiary's loss as Mr. Hazen F. Smith took over his duties as Warden of this penitentiary last month.

Warden Smith is 48 years of age, born April 2nd, 1917, at Lower Newcastle, New Brunswick. He won a B.A. from St. Thomas College in Chatham, N. B., in 1938. Joining the Penitentiary Service as a guard 25 years ago at Dorchester Penitentiary, he remained on the same staff until July 1st of this year. Warden Smith worked as a Security Guard for eight years before taking over the job of Chief Keeper's Clerk. He then went from there to work at various clerical and administration positions.

From 1954 until 1958, he received short "leaves of absence" from his work and attended Mount Allison University at Sackville, N. B., obtaining several credits in psychology, sociology and criminology. He also moved into

the Classification Department of Dorchester Penitentiary in 1954 and within three years, took the position of Classification Officer. Later, in 1960, he was promoted to Deputy Warden and in 1962 he moved up to become Warden of Dorchester. This coming Fall, he will have retained the position of a Federal Penitentiary warden for three years.

Warden Smith is married and the father of two children. Mrs. Smith is a former school teacher from Moncton, N. B.; his daughter, Alice, 20 years of age, is getting married in August at Fredricton, N. B.; his son, 14-year old Mark, will attend school here in Kingston, Ontario.

Warden Smith, after his first tour of inspection of Kingston Penitentiary, accompanied by Deputy Warden A.J. Jarvis, was favourably impressed with the deportment of the inmate population, the general cleanliness of the buildings and the attractiveness of the institution.

" Wild Ideas "

BRAINWASHING IN PRISON? NO!

—Orland French

Via: Kingston Whig-Standard.

Brainwashing and thought control techniques for the rehabilitation of criminals have been described by Kingston's Prisons' Psychiatrist as "impractical."

Dr. G.D. Scott, psychiatrist for the four Kingston Penitentiaries, says brainwashing "is a long system and results in no appreciable merit in the average criminal offender."

Recently an Edmonton sociologist at the University of Alberta, Dr. Gwynn Nettler, made a statement in favor of brainwashing and thought control for criminals. Dr. Scott was asked to comment on the statement.

Dr. Nettler said he put forth the "wild ideas" because traditional methods of punishment as a deterrent have failed.

Dr. Scott disagrees with this approach.

"I don't think the brainwashing syndrome applies to criminals," he said, "because most offenders have a pattern of behaviour which is as long as their life.

"In other words, it has taken their whole life to establish this pattern. Consequently, brainwashing, or thought control, takes too long to help them to be practical."

He said the process would take 18 hours a day for a period of months.

"And even then," he said, "it might help only the habitual criminal. The murderer or manslaughter convict rarely ever repeats his crime, since murder is usually committed without forethought."

As well as terming the ideas impractical, he said many other persons oppose the ideas on another basis.

General opposition to brainwashing arises from the idea that "controlling the thought of one person's mind is completely anti-democratic," says Dr. Scott.

He explained the thought control process as "feeding into the person's mind what we want him to think."

Reason and judgment have nothing

to do with what he'll believe after a while," he said.

Dr. Scott described the brainwashing technique as "not too complicated."

"The mind constantly receives millions of impulses, and consequently the mind becomes adjusted to receiving these impulses," he said. "So, if we cut off these impulses from the mind, through shutting out light, sound and all sensations in a complete isolation, then the mind would become hungry for some kind of stimulus."

Even now a crude form of this type of isolation is used, but not for brainwashing. "We have dissociation cells where the prisoner is in solitary confinement, usually for some breach of prison rules," he continued.

He said even this type of confinement is close to isolation needed for brainwashing, and psychiatrists have to watch constantly for signs of restlessness, anxiety and distortion which may indicate the inmate's mind is being "starved of impulses."

If brainwashing could or should be used, what ideas of the criminal mind would it have to change?

"The desire for immediate reward," says Dr. Scott.

"Most people who become criminals find in early life that promises are empty; that they never get what they are promised.

"So they set out on the immediate reward' system -- most lesser criminals want reward without effort."

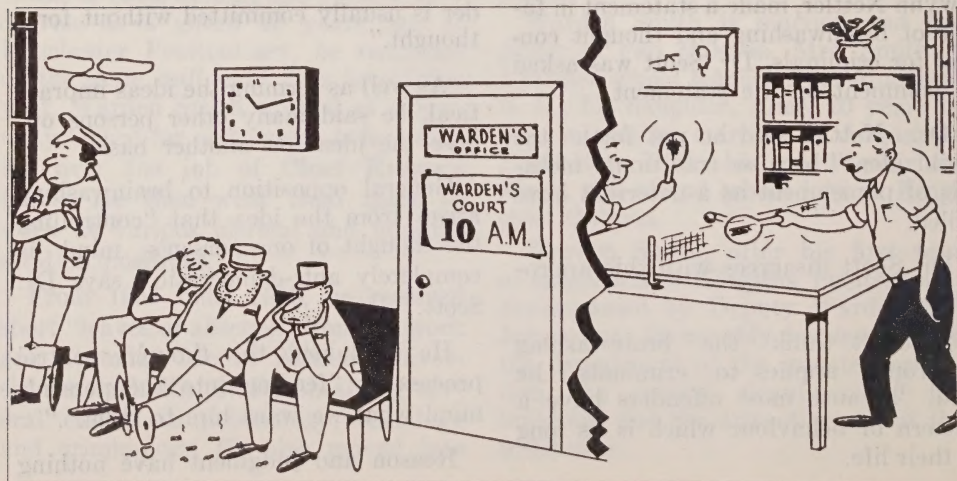
In emotionally 'sick' people, he said, they need immediate satisfaction, and cannot wait to satisfy their desires. This accounts for the sudden, unprovoked actions of criminals, particularly sex offenders.

As for future brainwashing techniques, could they become methods exerted on the individual's mind entirely by machine, such as through electrical impulses?

Dr. Scott would only comment, "Who knows what'll happen in a 1000 years?"

YOU KNOW HOW IT IS

A woman was brought before the judge for reckless driving. "What have you got to say?" the judge asked. "Well Judge," the woman smiled, "I washed my car this morning and I can't do a thing with it."



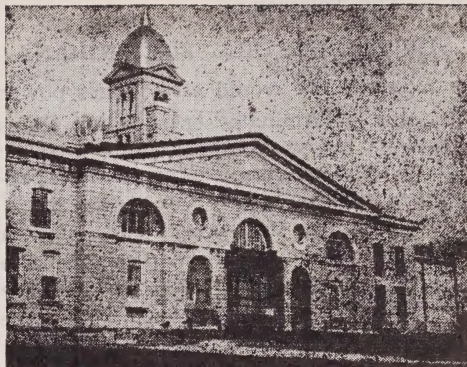
PENAL NEWS

NOTES ON THE NEWS

FROM

AROUND THE WORLD

Robert Edwards



KEYS ACT AS A WARNING

A Rhode Island Superior Court Judge is passing out keys to prison. The keys don't actually fit the front door of the State Prison, but act as a reminder "in appropriate cases".

Judge William M. Mackenzie, in sentencing Robert R. Tutalo, who was convicted for possession of a lottery ticket said, "I have a key to present to you and it has the letter "P" on it to let you know that prison is where you are going to go if you violate probation."

Judge Mackenzie then added this suggestion: "Put it in your pocket every morning. It's your key to the front door of the State Prison." The Judge said he had obtained a supply of keys from a locksmith and has been presenting them in special cases.

(Via: *The Prison Mirror*)

PAROLEES HELPED BY N.Y. CITIZENS

A group of businessmen and union leaders in New York are helping to develop plans to expand a "pilot-project", of helping parolees get jobs into full scale program.

The project has as its goal getting jobs for parolees, obtaining job-training for them, and getting help for them.

The businessmen and union leaders have applied for a \$500,000 federal grant to allow the "pilot-project" to expand from 150 to 1,000 parolees.

(Via: *M. P. NEWS*)

PEN GETS DOGS

Dorchester. N.B./ Following Kingston Penitentiary's lead, Dorchester Penitentiary officials introduced police dogs to assist guards on night patrols. Three dogs were expected to begin their patrols last month.

CONS SHOULD WORK IN NORTH: MP

Elgin, Ont./ Prisoners should help develop Canada's northland and be paid well for it, a member of parliament said here last month.

Penitentiary inmates might well be taken out of institutions and used as labour crews to build roads, docks and air strips on our northern frontier, said Mr. John Matheson, Member of Parliament for Leeds.

He was speaking in a penal discussion held during the annual meeting of the Rideau District Women's Liberal Association at the Orange Hall. The politician maintained the prisoners should be paid for their work at a rate to enable them to accumulate savings while serving their terms.

(Via: *Kingston Whig-Standard*)

CRIME COST \$27 BILLION

J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, recently stated in an interview with the press that the annual cost of crime has jumped to \$27 billions and that the crime rate is outstripping the population rise by five to one. He said that the first six months period of 1964 showed a 15 percent increase over last year.

"I am in violent disagreement with the bleeding hearts of this country who want to raise the age for juvenile delinquents to 21. I believe it should be dropped to 16. Any person who commits a serious crime of violence should be tried as an adult and sentenced as such."

(Via the Presidio)

SENTENCING BILL FOR INDIANA.

A senate bill would give judges power to set a determinate sentence for felons convicted under the minimum and maximum indeterminate sentences now prescribed by the law.

Presumably, this law would allow a judge to stipulate that a man sentenced to the reformatory on a 1-10 year sentence must do any number of years within the maximum before he would be eligible for release.

A similar bill was introduced at the last assembly but failed to pass. We hope that the supporters of this bill realize what an awesome responsibility they are asking a judge to assume.

No judge can determine the definite number of years a man should spend in prison before he is "ready" to be released. That is the whole point of the indeterminate sentence.

(Via Pendleton Reflector)

BISHOP SHEEN SCORNS CODDLING OF CRIMINALS.

N.Y. (NC):- A switch in compassion favoring "criminals, bums and breakers of the law" rather than the victim of a crime and the upholders of the law was deplored here by Bishop Fulton J. Sheen.

This situation which seems to be nationwide is "eating away at true freedom", the Auxiliary Bishop said in his sermon at the 36th annual Red Mass sponsored by the New York guild of Catholic lawyers in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Frances Cardinal Spellman of New York presided at the mass which was offered by Auxiliary Bishop Charles R. Mulrooney of Brooklyn. The mass was offered in conjunction with the American Bar Association convention there.

Bishop Sheen characterized three kinds of freedom as: "The right to do whatever you please," "The right to do whatever you must" and "The right to do whatever you ought."

Bishop Sheen said the first leads to a "false liberalism", marked by the kind of

thinking which holds that any restraint upon freedom is "an extinction of God-given rights". The second type, the Bishop said, is implemented in communist ideology which teaches that "you are free as long as you obey the dictator and the law of the party." The third type, he said, is the "true freedom" which is limited by responsibility.

Bishop Sheen called upon the judiciary and the legal profession to "help stem the whittling away of the true freedom, which is exemplified by the "new compassion" extended to the delinquent the immoral and the bum."

(Via Reformatory Pillar)

DUFFY URGES NEW PLAN TO HELP PRISONERS LIVE IN THEIR HOMES

California, U.S.A./ Mr. Clinton Duffy, a former Warden of San Quentin Penitentiary in California, advocated a new set-up which would enable some inmates to live with their families while paying penalties for their crimes.

Duffy, who became prominent in penology during his 32 years as an official at San Quentin, said, "The prison communities, with proper supervision and therapy, might contribute to reduction in crime in the United States."

Credited with developing training and treatment instead of just punishment for prison inmates, Duffy was in Kansas City recently for an evaluation of the Freedom House Movement.

The evaluation is preliminary to a decision by him whether he will become a consultant in the Freedom House movement, designed to prepare prisoners for freedom and to aid them toward rehabilitation on their release.

Mr. Duffy was San Quentin's Warden for over a decade and was later a member of the Adult Authority Parole Board for another ten years.

(Via: The Prison Mirror)

ADDICTS GET CHOICE OF HOSPITAL OR JAIL

Trenton, N.J (UPI)-New Jersey became the first U.S. state to give convicted narcotics addicts the choice of going to a hospital instead of prison.

"This is a meaningful step forward in the states ever-continuing battle to deal realistically and effectively with the problems caused by the illicit use of narcotic

drugs," said Gov. Richard J. Hughes as he signed the law.

The new law allows judges to place narcotics offenders on probation if they agree to commit themselves to an approved medical facility for treatment.



THAILAND WARDEN VISITS K.P.

Kingston Pen: - Last month Salab Visudhimark, Warden of the Klong Phai Central Prison and Superintendent of the Security Training Center of the Department of Corrections in Bangkok, Thailand visited this institution. He is in the process of visiting all the prison institutions in the world to see how they apply their own concepts of penology and the results of same.

Next month TELESCOPE will present an article covering Thailand's prison system as explained to the magazine's staff by Warden Visudhimark.

INMATES MOVED TO NEW JAIL

Quebec City, Que./ The over-crowded jail in this city was eased of its load in May of this year. 300 of the prison's 1,300 prisoners were temporarily transferred to an aging armory in downtown Montreal. Quebec Attorney General Claude Wagner announced that the 300 men will stay there pending completion of a prison at Oka, Quebec.

WEST VIRGINIA

OUSTS CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

West Virginia became the eleventh state to abolish the Capital Punishment Bill. Early last month the West Virginia legislature approved the Compromis Bill **which set life imprisonment as the maximum sentence to be given out for Capital crimes.**

The Bill was sent to Governor Hulett Smith for signature before becoming law. Governor Smith had indicated earlier that he would sign the Bill if it was passed.

West Virginia thus became the third state to abolish legal execution within a **FOUR WEEK PERIOD.** Iowa and Indiana had both passed similar actions earlier in the month although Indiana's Governor vetoed the Bill in that State.

(Via: The Presidio)

DOPE USAGE ON INCREASE

New York, N.Y./ According to a study released by the New York City Police Department, the number of narcotic users within the city has increased sharply during the past year.

Now that a rise to 19,091 arrests from the 1963 figure of 14,305 were responsible for a 34% increase.

(Via: The Presidio)

PENAL SYSTEM BAD: FAVREAU.

Justice Minister Guy Favreau says Canada's penal system has "disparities in probation, training, or detention facilities" that are "notorious".

Addressing the John Howard Society of Ontario at Osgoode Hall last month he said, "We all know that offenders in Canada are treated in conditions that vary not only substantially, but sometimes unfairly in different parts of our country."

He said he would call a meeting between Government and other agencies interested in penal reform to discuss establishing national standards of penology, easier channels of communication with non-government agencies and grants to support such agencies.

The Justice Minister said liaison between the government and the voluntary agencies would be strengthened by the appointment of at least one member of the voluntary correctional movement to the special committee on correction.

At the meeting was Attorney General Arthur Wishart, Chief Justice Dana Porter, Metro Chairman William Allen and several noted jurists.

(Via: The Toronto Star)



From Left: Ann Anderson R.N., Carol Prentiss, (background) and Doris Smith R.N.

CONS GIVE THEIR BLOOD

Kingston Pen: - The second week in July the Kingston Branch of the Red Cross Society came to this institution and collected approximately 440 pints of blood from about 470 donors. It was a smaller total than was collected last time in January, but still in all it was a good turnout.

This organization comes to K.P. twice a year to collect blood from the inmates, bringing tobacco, cokes, coffee and cookies for those who give.

"Kingston is in dire need of blood," says Basil Keane, volunteer chairman of the blood donor clinic in Kingston, Ontario.

The quota for Kingston each year is 9,000 pints. Last year 7,200 pints were collected and the rest came from Ottawa, at the central blood bank. Mr. Keane says that in civilian Kingston there are

only 800 regular donors who give blood once every four months and thus the community must depend upon the prisons and the Armed Forces in the area for the greater number of donations.

In the last month clinics were held in the Kingston, Collins Bay and Joyceville prisons. Out of the 1,700 prisoners, 1,174 have donated blood.

WELCOME MAT AT DOORSTEP

The Welcome Mat is out at the First National Bank Building in Stayton, Oregon, and all burglars are urged to call.

Like most good news however, there is one small catch. The bank is moving to new quarters and the building will house the new Stayton City Hall as soon as the move can be completed. Presently, the plans call for the City Jail to be located in the former bank vault. It is expected to be almost escape-proof.

(Via: The Presidio)

Asks Inmate's Help In Penal Reform

M.P. Delivers Sermon To Inmate

Congregation

Mr. John Matheson, Member for Leeds (P.C.), delivered the Father's Day sermon to a congregation of 200 inmates in the CHAPEL AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS.

A physically small man, handicapped by a deformity of one leg, Mr. Matheson nevertheless had stature in the eyes of the inmates who attended the service. Following the open format of our Sunday morning services, Mr. Matheson's sermon on "Christian responsibility" ranged from the responsibilities of a father to his children down to --- or up to, if you prefer --- the responsibilities of men in government to the Canadian people, and even to the nation's prison inmates.

This was Mr. Matheson's second visit to our Protestant Chapel; both at the invitation of Rev. Nickles. Mr. Matheson has been interested in Canada's penal reform program for some time, but he is probably best remembered by inmates of this prison for his recent proposal that prison labour be used to open up Canada's northland - and that the men receive a decent wage while doing it. This proposal was much-discussed and well received here. The chance to do useful work seemed to appeal more than the monetary advantages---although no inmate voiced disapproval of a chance to earn money for his release, or to help his family.

But Mr. Matheson made it clear the

road to penal reform was not a one-way street. He admitted the need for change in our system; particularly in the rehabilitative and after-care areas, and he advocated an expanded parole service. And then Mr. Matheson called on the prisoners to live up to their Christian responsibilities to society--- even while in prison,

"You have time for creative thought," he told the thoroughly attentive inmates. "Some of the world's greatest ideas ---- some of our best books --- have come from men in cells. But I would like to ask you men -- and not just the men in this chapel today, but all prisoners ---- I would ask that you write out your thoughts or ideas. Do it anonymously if you like. Name or numbers aren't what we want. We want ideas that will help us (the Government) in our search for a better future for Canada, both economically and in our social welfare programs."

In closing, Mr. Matheson spoke of the newly -formed committee of 13 M.P.s who study the country's over all picture of penal reform, with particular stress on the plans for new prisons ready for construction. Mr. Matheson said the committee would be empowered to visit institutions and he expressed the hope that he would be a member of the committee.

We hope so, too. And we also dare to hope, Mr. Matheson, that the members of the committee will share your view that inmates may have ideas worth consideration. After all, many of us have lived here --- or in other institutions --- for dozens of years. We couldn't help but have learned some thing about the system.



THE ESCAPE

by John Copley

For a brief moment the steady clattering of the Viet Cong machine guns stopped, and the only sound to be heard in the jungle was the steady beat of the drizzling rain. The Congolese troops were getting ready for another attack; an attack that would mean certain death for Canadian Lieutenant John Copley and the remainder of his patrol. The eight soldiers had been trapped in this desolate part of Viet Nam for three days and now they had given up all hopes of survival.

Sergeant Johnston painfully elbowed his way over to Copley's side, gritting his teeth against the agony of his shattered knee.

"We've had it!" he said, while forcing a grin on his face. "Only thing we can do is give up. You and Private Russman are the only ones who aren't wounded."

Lt. Copley glanced around him until his eyes rested on frightened, young Russman. After a moment's hesitation, he beckoned for him to join them. When he had managed to struggle over to Johnston and Copley, the latter spoke: "Listen Sergeant, Russman and I are going to try and knock out one of those machine guns. That crossfire is too hard on the men."

"You're nuts!" exclaimed Johnston. "It's impossible. Those .30 caliber

shells will tear you to pieces before you get started. You wouldn't"

"Shut up, Sergeant!" said the Lieutenant. "I'm still in command here and if we wait around, they'll cut us to pieces. There are only ten of them out there, not a hundred."

"Yes sir." came the reply.

Lieutenant Copely explained that Johnston was to get all the men that could point a rifle and fire to keep the enemies attention averted from them. Then with a nod to Russman, the two of them started out.

The machine guns were again spraying the area, only stopping to inject new belts of ammunition into the breech mechanisms. When the gun on the left flank paused the Lt. heard the rapid firing of carbines and F.N. c2's. A pang of relief shot through his body. He took a quick look at the cover spot, thirty feet away, and motioned for Russman to follow him. Crouching low to the ground, both of them darted in a zig-zag line in the direction of the rocks.

PING! PING! PING!, again the Viet Cong concentrated on the moving targets. A shell ripped through Copely's arm, another pierced the stock of his AR. 15, knocking him to the ground. Bup! Bup! Bup!, the hot bullets sank deep into the ground and spattered mud in Copely's face. Russman started to return their fire, and Copely followed suit. Once again they got up and ran.

Whang! Whang! Whang! a flurry of shells ripped private Russman's face apart. He was dead before he fell to the ground. Lieutenant Copely moved on; the shooting now concentrated on him. Once more a bullet pierced him, crippling his left leg. Painfully he managed to complete his mad dash for safety.

Only one enemy machine gun could be used against the Lt. now, as the other if it fired, would be endangering the lives of their own men.

Copely, now taking a survey of his position noticed that only forty

yards away sat the usable Viet Cong guns. About eight riflemen and a machine gun. Yanking a grenade from his belt Copely moved on. Two more shells struck heavily into his left arm and shoulder. He was violently spun off his feet, and thrown to the ground. But, no sooner had he stopped rolling when he threw the grenade.

Booom! !

When the smoke had cleared, the machine gun lay in a tattered mess. Now only half aware of his surroundings Copely wobbled to his feet. Seeing two grey figures darting towards him he reflexively began pulling the trigger of his rifle. Then he fell into unconsciousness.

When Lieutenant Copely awoke he found himself surrounded by beds, other men and female nurses walking to and fro.

After bathing in hot water the nurses brought him a visitor. General George Burkhart stood smilingly over him.

"Well I see you're back with us," he said pleasantly.

"Yes sir," the Lt. answered. "The doctor tells me I've been out for several days."

"Well Major, I'm glad to see you managed to recover. Five pieces of lead isn't too healthy for a man's body."

He smiled lightly, aware of the young officer's curious expression.

"I beg your pardon sir," said Copely confusedly, "but I'm only a Lieutenant."

"Well Major, during the last four days your promotion came through. As soon as you're up and around, you'll be taking over the Second Battalion...."

A convict at Kingston Penitentiary called through the steel grey bars, "Copely! Hey Copely! Come on it's time for work."

I sprang up quickly, aroused from my pleasant noonhour day-dream, a contented smile resting on my face. I picked up my coat and left the cell.

TELESCOPE CROSSWORD PUZZLE

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51			52					))))((	53			
54				))))((	55			))))((	56			
57				))))((	58			))))((	59			

ACROSS

1. Seconds, Minutes and Hours.
5. Doc. of Dental Surgery
8. Direction
12. Small partiele
13. Elongated fish
14. Flat surface of ground
15. Units of money
16. Mocking something
18. Friend (Fr.)
19. Lubricates machinery
20. A wino has them sometimes
21. Bridge a gap
23. Cooking utensil
25. Recapture
28. Miser
32. A West Indian shrub
33. Unit of time (Abrev.)
35. Boy (Combined form)
36. Confronted
38. Ardent to pursue
40. Vast body of water
42. Chinese Lake
43. Container
46. Lifeless
48. A steel bar for loosening ore
51. Opposite of speedup
53. Telephone
54. Malacca distance measure
55. Berenda
56. Girl's name
57. Fish eggs
58. Man's name
59. Smell

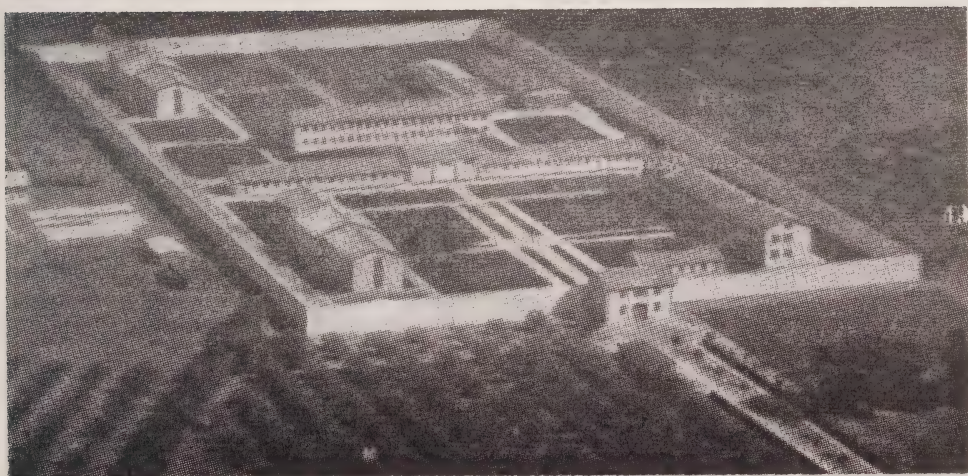
DOWN

1. Goodbye (Baby talk)
2. One thing
3. Doctrine that reality is one whole.
4. Size of type
5. Marks the limits of
6. A small retired valley
7. Forty winks
8. Auditory organ
9. Dry
10. They him away
11. Labels
19. Kind of tree
22. Goes white in the face
24. A lever used to strike another
25. Royal Air Fore (Abrev.)
26. Woman's name
27. Born
29. Exceedingly nice (Two words)
30. European Defence League (Ab.)
31. Rogers (Cowboy)
34. Piled stones for memorial
37. Without life
39. Received
41. Part of a plant possessing cleaning qualities and used for soap
48. Old Russian ruler
44. "Quite so."
45. Memo
47. In debt
48. Sufficient
49. As well
50. Highly valued or esteemed
52. Is (past tense)
53. Professional (Abrev.)

HERSTDVESTER

The Danish Remand-Institution

At Copenhagen, Denmark



As Compiled by T. Thompson

During the late Twenties, the Danish legislative body (The Folketing) introduced a radical reform of their penal system, taking special measures against criminals whose conduct gave evidence of deviation, as well as those on whom ordinary punishment after repeated offences seemed to have no effect. The Royal Decree was as follows:

We Christian X, by the grace of God, King of Denmark and Iceland, the Vents and the Goths, Duke of Slesvig Holsten, Stormarn, Ditmarsken, Lauenborgog (and) Oldenborg hereby decree:

In accordance with The Common Penal Law of April 15, 1930, the following rules and regulations are laid down for the Remand-Institution for Psychopaths at Herstedvester:

Its purpose is to safeguard the community against such dangers which the persons herein detained might constitute to the maintenance of law and peace, and within the bounds thus established to subject them to such treatment as warranted by their life in freedom.

During their detention, which is not a punishment, but a security measure, steps should be taken to assure that the treatment is adjusted to the individual needs of the detainees.

In other words, thirty-five years ago, the Danish legislators realized a very important fact: that crime is a sickness of society and the greater part of the criminal element are to all intents and purposes the physical evidence of the infectious disease.

THE CITY OF COPENHAGEN

Copenhagen is situated almost immediately outside of the prison's walls — or to be more exact F. H. (the prison) lies snugly tucked away from the transealantic highway some ten miles to the west of the capital, opposite Vridsloselille State Prison. The highway, which is one of the main arterial roads connecting Scandavia with the continent, runs between F. H. and the prison. Although F. H. is like Vridsloselille in many respects — bar the physical — there is a world of difference between the two. Actually F. H. is a subdivision of the other with Governor Borgschmidt-Hansen as their C.I.C.

When F. H. was built 30 years ago, the locality was peaceful and rural with grazing cattle and many trilling birds flitting among the branches of the trees. The highway was just an ordinary road with ordinary traffic. But now, rapidly growing Copenhagen's sprawling suburbs are surrounding the prison on all sides and the highway is a no-speed-limit death-trap waiting patiently for those who would dare to try to cross it.

PERSONNEL AND STAFF

The superintendent is the well-known psychiatrist Dr. med Georg K. Sturup. Assisting him in the difficult task of sounding souls and reading minds he has three assistant psychiatrists, three psychologists (1 male and 2 female) one matron, two nursing sisters three school teachers, five Social Service people and several office workers. Twenty-three specially-trained craftsmen supervise the inmates who labour in the workshops and on the farm. The uniformed security police, under Chief Officer Nielsen, number some 150 men who maintain maximum security over the prisoners. (They do not carry firearms or weapons of any kind.)

The men of the security police undergo special training in self-defence and extensive instruction and lectures by Dr. Sturup. Most, too, have had three to six months experience in the handling of patients in mental hospitals. There are also a few spare-time teachers, legal and medical experts at the Doctor's disposal if he wishes their help.

Undoubtedly, this will seem like a rather large staff in relation to the 200 inmates they are looking after, but apparently it is necessary in view of the special treatment each inmate receives.

THE TYPE OF INMATES

Criminals considered not to be sus-

ceptible to ordinary prison terms by prosecutors or defenders are by warrant of court directed to pass a medical and mental examination lasting at least six weeks (serious offenders can be studied by a medical staff for any period up to a year.)

The results of their findings are placed before The Advisory Board on Medical Jurisprudence, who in their turn, inform the court whether they find ordinary prison or treatment in a remand-institution advisable.

The court may, or may not, follow the advice of the Board and in some cases doesn't. If, however, an offender finally is "sentenced" to undergo treatment in a remand-institution and remain there at the Judge's discretion, he is (at the same time) granted the aid of a guardian whom the Judge appoints and whose principal function is to protect the potential inmate against abuses of any kind. This guardian can (after one year) request the court to reconsider the case with hopes that the inmate will be released on probation (but serious cases can only be considered after a three-year period).

Any man or woman approved by the court may act as a guardian and many inmates have members of their family act as guardians. Others, without any family, have socially-minded and willing citizens (whom they claim are useless) take over this responsibility for them.

The inmates may receive visits from their guardian on any day (and at any time of the day) and these visits are *not* supervised. He may also send uncensored and closed letters to the guardian who can lodge complaints on his behalf to the court, or if need be, to the Ombudsman (The Supreme Independent Arbiter) appointed and only responsible to the Folketing.

The best thing, of course, is when the inmate, guardian, psychiatrist and social service personnel strike a happy medium of constructive co-operation in mutual respect. If the inmate is not satisfied with his guardian, he may ask the judge to appoint another.

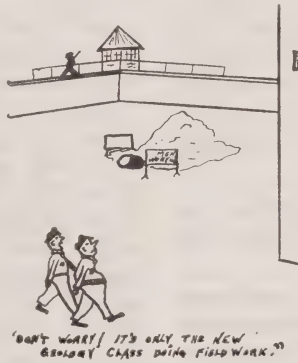
TREATMENT AT F H

The mere fact that a man is detained in this prison means that he is being treated. This is an institution which can boast of having all the facilities considered necessary to modern progressive resocialization, together with a few new features unheard of elsewhere in the world.

There is a well-equipped and modern school that can boast of having only two dropouts in ten years (although the men are not forced to attend). And all sorts of outside clubs interested in assisting and getting to know the inmates and share their problems are welcomed within the walls each week. There are films one night each week

(other than educational films), plenty of wholesome and tasty food and every fortnight amateur players give fine performances on stage for an enthusiastic audience.

Of the more special features, first we must mention how the institution creates the family atmosphere which prevails throughout the jail. There are no cells, no locks clanking open and shut, no bells, whistles, or guards yelling at the men; there are no lineups, no crowded dormitories or closet-like rooms and the men are expected to discipline themselves in their personal habits: going to bed when they wish, but rising in time to have breakfast and get to work at the proper moment; keeping themselves and their huts clean and so on.



HOW THE MEN SPEND THE DAY

The day goes something like this: At 6 a.m. the section-warden enters each hut and counts each of the ten occupants. They begin to rise, feeling exactly like any other family getting up early and each goes about his business preparing to go to work. Some cook breakfast in the kitchen (they eat what they wish), while others just snatch some cereal with milk and a cup of coffee and munch away while listening to the local news. Some study the notice board seeing what entertainment is listed for that evening, or the coming weekend.

At 7, some of the men go out for a stroll in the garden but this isn't too popular a pastime — being too early in the morning for most. It is an opportunity, however, for the men to meet others from other buildings and swap stories.

7:30 everybody goes to work. All that is, but the hut cleaner who does the housecleaning.

In one hut in particular, two men remain working at home: one man does difficult deciphering work of century-old registers for the State Archives at a fixed rate of pay, while the other works with advertising labels getting so much money per thousand. Of the other seven men, two work on an outside farm gang, one is on the "inside" garden team, one is on the general labor, or rather he does all sorts of odd jobs, and the last man works in the print shop.

Midday break is between 11:45 and 1 o'clock and dinner is served. After he has eaten, the inmate may go to the library and browse around, or go over to the general store (there are two). If he has the money, he can buy anything he wants, within reason of course! Later in the day, about 4:45, he returns home from work to a hot and attractive meal. Sugar, tea, and coffee are issued each week (not enough, claim some of the men) and most men enjoy a late

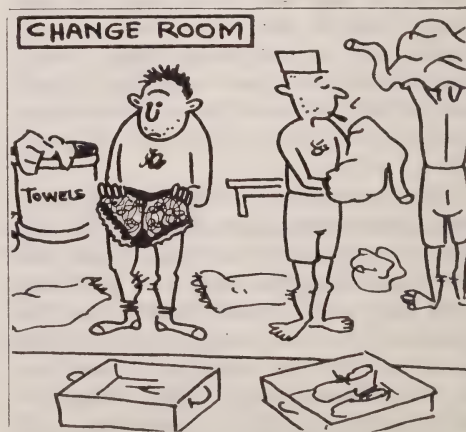
evening snack. One man says, "Most of the guys cook only light meals in the kitchen during the evening, but the ever-boiling kettle for tea and coffee is in a constant tipping motion....."

From 5 p.m., until they choose to retire for the night, the men have many possibilities from which they might choose to while away the evening.

They can stay home and read, or swap lies with a buddy while sipping Nescafé and listening to the radio; they may watch TV if they wish, or can wander over to the school and lose themselves in ceramic-making, learning to speak French, English or German, etc., etc.

Incidentally, they can attend school all day if they wish to; several of the men are attending Copenhagen University and are sweating out their innards trying to pass this year's finals. They may also visit friends anywhere in the institution, or attend the educational film which is shown every second night. Then of course, they might wish to go to the gym and "get into shape": boxing, wrestling, etc., etc. There are always things to do — especially during the summer months.

Some men plant gardens and spend night after night caring for them,



while others just idle their time away in the sunshine, getting a tan.

Weekends are usually taken up watching the outside teams come into the prison to compete in sports and everyone gets a big kick when the F.H. team is victorious (which is often).

After the inmate serves his first year, he is allowed to wear his civilian clothing. He may also, if not a three-year man, apply for and be granted "Out Going" (i.e., he gets a day off once a month and goes out with one of the staff, or a member of his family, and visits a museum, a movie, or any other place he fancies.) He is also allowed to look for a job and when he returns to F.H. the staff submits a report to the superintendent.

Christmas, Easter and Whitsun, he may receive parcels from his family and friends to the value of approximately 75 Kroner (Danish): about \$12 worth of goodies. If he has no family or friends, he may spend some of his saved up capital: his compulsory savings.

Finally, when the inmate and his guardian and the institutional officials consider his release will be within the next six months, he may begin working outside (pre-release) although he must return each night to the prison to sleep.

WORK AND PAY

Many changes are pending in the work-service at F.H. and for this reason we will be brief.

The inmate usually makes between 35 and 45 Kroner a week. This is divided into two parts: capital and purchase. The former cannot be spent by the inmate unless the superintendent gives his permission; the other can be used to buy anything at the two stores, or even placed in the bank. Thus the inmate has about 20 Kroner to spend every week (or about \$3.50). These retail prices always manage to add a tidy profit which goes towards the various welfare arrangements.

F.H. has its own currency, nickel coins in values from 1 to 200 which equals 2 Kroner "real money" — real money not being allowed inside of the walls.

The men secure their own jobs on the "outside" and from their wages they must pay 3 Kroner a day for their room and board within the jail. They get to spend 15 Kroner per day on whatever they wish, but the rest goes into their compulsory savings.

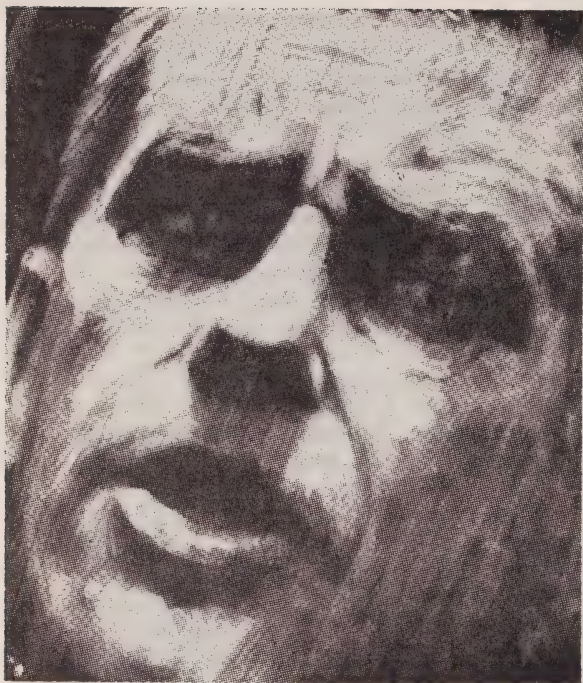
ODD FACTS

Inmates uniforms are navy-blue, sailor trousers and jackets (rarely worn). Dungarees, Khaki shirt and sleeveless, grey woolen vests (always worn). 1700 men have, since F.H.'s beginning, been sent to that prison. In all, sixty escapes have taken place (the punishment when caught is 3 months in solitary); of these, 24 escaped from the prison property, all the others took off from "outside" jobs. First-timers usually stay between one and one-half and two years if not a three-year man; recidivists stay approximately a year longer. The men are issued free: razor blades, lighters (fuel and flints), newspapers and magazines. Incidentally, Denmark is one of the many countries that have abolished the death penalty, but one of the few permitting "voluntary" gelding of serious sex offenders — 300 have been gelded since 1929.

IT TAKES ALL KINDS

Man hates to be in prison, no matter how justified it may be. He curses and grumbles, calls the place a nut house and the "wheels" are a bunch of unscrupulous swindlers and parasites; he is being used as a guinea-pig in an experimental psycho-lab; and being maimed, body and soul.

Of course, F.H. is not perfect, it does indeed have its shortcomings — but those of you in Canadian prisons must agree, it sure would be nice, wouldn't it!



PRISON

By Giles Playfair

From: *The Spectator*
London, England

Our prisons may or may not have become too 'soft', but there still isn't one — closed, semi-closed or open — which is the equal of its most equivalent abroad. Nor is there a prison in Britain which isn't less 'soft' than it needs to be for the purpose of keeping its inmates safely confined. As a result of continuing commissions and omissions in penal practice, every prisoner in the country, however great or small an 'escape risk' he may be, is subjected to physical hardships and mental suffering that are irrelevant to training and cannot be justified on security grounds alone.

Arguably, this might not matter — it might even be a cause for national self-satisfaction — if the basic reason for sending people to prison were invariably to punish them, and if the length of sentences were fixed strictly according to deserts and limited to what a human being can reasonably be expected to stand without serious deterioration in body and mind.

But, other factors apart, the partial abolition of the death penalty under the Homicide Act, and now its likely total abolition, have led to an awareness that imprisonment may be an essentially preventive measure, hardly distinguishable in purpose from the confinement of dangerous lunatics in mental hospitals. The government is persuaded that there are legally responsible but perennially violent offenders who have to be locked up, if not for the rest of their natural lives, at any rate for much longer periods than have hitherto been thought morally permissible. One proposal at present under consideration for dealing with these people is to build a sort of prison within a prison at Albany, IOW. According to a Home Office announcement, this special institution would be securer than the securest of regular penal establishments. On the other hand, conditions inside it would be 'more tolerable'.

But how tolerable? An excessively

WITHOUT PAINS ?

long term of imprisonment, vital though it may be in society's interests, is none the less inhuman, if the individual undergoing it would, from his own point of view, be better off dead. The aim must be to provide him with a life worth having in captivity. And whether or not that is possible, experience in foreign countries shows that a great deal more could be done to achieve it than appears to be contemplated in Britain at present.

To begin with, there is the matter of earnings. In Sweden, for example, it is becoming common practice for a prisoner to be paid a fair market wage for his labour, which means he can afford not only to keep himself plentifully supplied with cigarettes, periodicals, luxury foodstuffs and so on, but, more importantly, to contribute substantially to the maintenance of his family, if he has one. But the miserly few shillings a week, which a prisoner in Britain receives as an *ex-gratia* hand-out, in some ways makes his lot harder than easier to bear. Thus, while he is allowed to smoke, the amount of tobacco he can afford to buy, even if he uses up his entire resources, is usually far too little to satisfy his yearning. This leads to a special form of prison starvation and, worse still, makes room for the 'tobacco baron' who preys on the smoke-hungry state of his fellow inmates.

Again, one of the declared objectives of British penal policy is to 'encourage' prisoners 'to keep in touch with their families and remember their responsibilities to them', and that in itself is

no doubt highly desirable. But to encourage prisoners to remember responsibilities which they are at the same time denied the means of discharging is manifestly torturous.

It may be unreasonable to suggest that wages sufficient to transform prisoners into breadwinners are economically feasible short of prison industry entering the open market, and that depends in turn on winning trade union agreement. Nevertheless, parsimony explains why a number of other progressive measures introduced abroad have not been adopted here.

Adequate plumbing — a feature of most foreign penal institutions built during the present century — is one of these measures. At the penitentiary in Goias (Brazil) — to mention an outstanding case — every cell is provided with a lavatory, wash-basin and shower behind a partition. But in Britain, despite the massive building programme which is now in progress and involves the expenditure of millions of pounds, the idea of equipping cells with any plumbing at all has been rejected. Penal practice in our changing society is evidently set on retaining the repulsive business of 'slopping out' indefinitely.

Blundeston is the most recently completed prison under the present building programme, and the absence of plumbing is not all that seems retrograde about the cells there. They are, admittedly, better designed and more cheerful to look at than those at Pentonville, say. But they are also smaller; and this economy is excused on the

grounds that, with the abandonment of solitary confinement and increased opportunities for 'association', cells are now only required as sleeping quarters.

But even assuming that to be strictly true, it implies that a prisoner must spend all his leisure time 'associating', whether he likes it or not, and is denied any right to privacy. In various continental centres, where dangerously abnormal offenders, murderers included, may be incarcerated for an indefinite period, 'association' is certainly as well provided for as it is at Blundeston. But it is also recognized that an inmate's cell is the only place he can call his own — his symbol of a home to be proud of. For that reason, cells are left unlocked during the day, and inmates are free to return to them outside of working hours, if they prefer to do so. What is more, they are encouraged to furnish and decorate their cells to suit their own tastes. For instance, at the detention centre in Groningen (Holland), which I visited some years ago, I met one man who had a small aquarium in his cell; another man, a murderer, was building himself a canoe; a third had erected a toy electric railway that he enjoyed playing with by the hour. He was an aggressive paedophile.

If imprisonment is to be truly non-punitive, then everything possible must be done to preserve a captive's human dignity and gratify his lawful desires and aspirations. Paradoxically, what has been found to be possible, aids, rather than endangers security, because it lowers tensions; and this includes, notably, opportunity for heterosexual

intercourse. The so-called conjugal visit is permitted in penal establishments throughout Latin America, and in several prisons elsewhere. At Ixtapalapa, for example, a modern penitentiary outside Mexico City, every inmate is entitled to a conjugal visit once a week from either his wife or another woman of his choice, provided he registers her name and photograph with the administration at the time of his admission. A suite is provided for these visits in a building accessible from both within and without the main prison, and each visit lasts for three hours.

One doubts if there could be any objection to granting a married prisoner in this country a similar degree of heterosexual freedom, except on punitive grounds. To say this is not necessarily to argue that there should be an end to punishment as a part of penal policy and practice. But the point is that if we claim the right to lock people up for exceptionally long periods simply because they are too dangerous to be at large, we have a corresponding obligation to create for them, regardless of the cost in money or of affront to conventional prejudices, a new kind of genuinely non-punitive imprisonment.

Shaw once said that in dealing with incurably dangerous criminals the choice lay between killing and 'caging' them, and he suggested that euthanasia might be the more civilized way. One of his less responsible suggestions, no doubt; but just the same, one would like to feel certain that 'caging' was something radically different from what he understood it to be.

DID HIS JOB

An applicant for employment gave as his reason for leaving his previous job, which was that of a temporary sorter at the Post Office:

"Done all the work."

He had also served in the army and the formal question: Why did you leave the forces? he replied, "Won the War."

When we condemn other people, we generally mean indirectly to flatter ourselves.

From out of the past—from the time when Kingston Penitentiary served what was known as Upper Canada—comes a day from another Century. Each month the TELESCOPE brings you excerpts from the Warden's Diary. The only changes from the original book are the officers' names



The Warden's Diary

1847

— Wayne McKinney

I delivered the keys to Guard Olson at fourteen minutes before the hour of five o'clock. Guard Olson reported a slight disturbance in the Dark Cells during the night but this was quickly thwarted by my alert officers. Otherwise the night was noted as being uneventful and all was reported correct.

I attended to see the convicts leave their cells and proceed to breakfast consisting of bread, oat meal and molasses. There were no complaints this morning and I am of the opinion that the trouble makers in this respect are securely confined in the Dark Cells.

I made the morning round of the work shops accompanied by my Deputy Warden. There seems to be some unrest among the convicts but I cannot locate the cause. I was called to the Hospital to see the convict James who slashed his left wrist two nights ago with a piece of rusty tin. The doctor informs me that James is suffering from lockjaw and suffering much agony, I pray that it may develop into nothing more serious.

As I was leaving the Hospital, convicts Shoff and Lee became embroiled

in fistieuffs. Shoff outweighs Lee by considerable and was giving him a severe thrashing. At one time he had Lee down on the ground and proceeded to kick him about the face and shoulders. This is the true mark of a coward and Shoff will be dealt with severely when he comes to court.

I retired to my office where I had lunch. The court list is small this date and is in marked contrast to the past. Convict Shoff was brought in, but I remanded him until Lee's condition is known. Convict Ronel was sentenced to three meals bread and water for having axle grease on his person. He said he was using it on his hair. Convict O'Leary was released from the Dark Cells after serving but three days, as I fear for this man's sanity.

The remainder of the day was spent on the routine office business with no untoward instances. The prison was noted as secure at seven minutes before the hour of seven when I retired to my quarters.

I delivered the keys to Guard Muir at fifteen minutes after the hour of five when all was reported quiet during

the night. Saw the Deputy Warden come in for the Bell Ringing. Attended to see the convicts proceed to the slop ditch with their buckets and thence to breakfast.

Visited the Women's Prison and spent an hour speaking informally with the female convicts. There is much harmony over there and this speaks well of my Matrons. They are doing a splendid job in difficult surroundings.

This date saw the hanging of two men who were recent convicts here. The brothers Lloyd did kill a harmless old woman in cold blood and deserve a fate such as the noose. They were nothing but trouble through their entire sentence here and the world is much better without them.

My Guard Thomas suffered a severe appendix at one half the hour of five o'clock and was rushed to the hospital. Guard Thomas is a very popular man and I pray for his safe recovery. Prison reported correct at four o'clock when I retired to my quarters. A most tiring day.

Delivered the keys to Guard Perkins at twelve minutes to the hour of five. A minor scuffle was reported on B range when a rat came into convict Selkert's cell. This man is deathly afraid of rats and was on the verge of hysteria when released. I must admit that the rat was a big beggar.

Saw the Deputy Warden come in for Bell Ringing after which I stayed to see the convicts parade to their breakfast. As a result of a complaint I tasted the oatmeal and found it to be rancid. As the bulk of the body had not yet been fed, I had them wait until fresh oatmeal was made.

The court list is quite heavy today with numerous cases of brawling. I suppose this is to be expected when the men are confined, but it cannot be tolerated nevertheless. However, I will pass judgment on each case separately.

Convict Coony is ordered this day to wear a leg chain until he realizes

he cannot be insolent to my Guards. This will not be tolerated. Coony has been eloquent in his promises to cease this insolence but his promises are never honoured. This is a very awkward young man.

Convict Rales sentenced to three meals bread and water for wearing dirty stockings, when asked to keep clean, stated that they were his feet and he could let them get dirty if he so desired. Such is not the case.

Convict Clarence sentenced to six meals bread and water and the strap for making a liquid drink containing alcohol. This is the third time this man has been caught by my alert guards. He seems determined to become a drunkard.

Retired to my quarters for supper and some reading. Returned to the prison at ten minutes before the hour of six when everything was noted as correct. I am speaking to my guards this night on a general search of the prison on the morrow. There is also much litter and refuse lying around.

Delivered the keys to Guard Simpson at five o'clock. Everything was reported correct during the night. One convict persists in snoring quite loud, but I fear this is something over which I have no control.

I visited the Women's Prison this afternoon and was told that the women had captured and killed a long, black snake this morning. All the women were scared except two, convicts Clem and Smythe, who did dispatch it with haste. With the help of a large stick. My Matron informs me that these two women are afraid of nothing. Both are middle-aged and have experience at snake killing.

Retired to my quarters for supper after which I came down with a most severe headache. I did not return to the prison but was informed by Guard Torpetsky that all was correct at six minutes to the hour of seven o'clock.

Three

DEDICATION TO DAWN

Existence was drab, existence was bleak,
Existence had left me empty, and weak,
I had no faith, my hope was gone,
Then to me, came life, and Dawn.
My mind is clear, it's been given air,
I've lost my depression, and despair,
Now I've been tamed, my wildness is gone,
I owe it all to life, and Dawn.
Is life the answer to all of my reasoning?
Is life it alone, and Dawn just the seasoning?
The questions are foolish and should be withdrawn,
Because, my friends, life is Dawn.

— Terry

OPTIMISM

Talk happiness, the world is sad enough
Without your woes; no path is wholly rough;
Look for places that are smooth and clear,
And speak of those, to rest the weary ear.
Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain,
Of human discontent and grief and pain.

Talk faith; the world is better off without
Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt.
If you have faith in God, or man, or self,
Say so; if not push back upon the shelf
Of silence all your thoughts, till faith shall come
No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

Talk health; the dreary never changing tale,
Of mortal maladies is worn and stale.
You cannot charm, or interest, or please
By harping on that minor chord, disease.
Say you are well, or all is well with you,
And God shall hear your words and make them true.

C.D.

THE FUTILE CONQUEST

Conquest has been the goal of man,
Since time began its march.
Long ere the Pharaoh built a sphinx,
And Constantine an arch;
Long before the Christians,
Received their laws by ten,
Before the mighty western seas,
Were travelled on by men,
Yes man has conquered almost all,
Through war and bitter strife,
Though three he might have conquered first,
Are self, and death, and life.

Harry Wilson

Poems

CANADA'S CONTRIBUTION

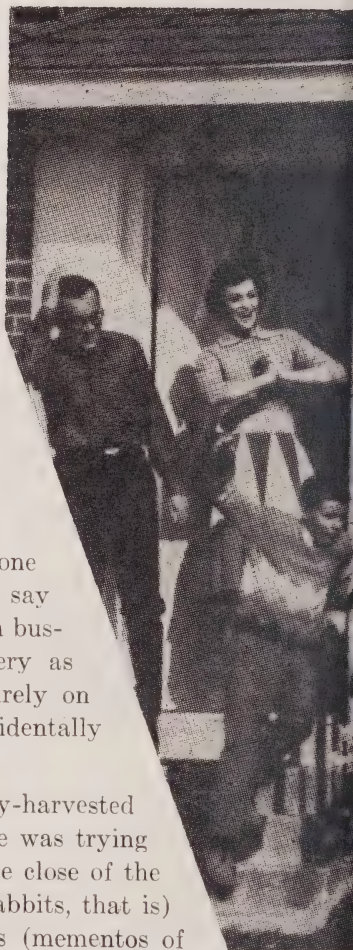
To ORNITHOLOGY

by Alan Baker

This? Well my oldest boy, Billy, was the one who actually found it; or perhaps I should say it found him! I was away from the farm on business at the time so the account of the discovery as I shall relate it to you is necessarily based entirely on Billy's story as he told it to me later when I accidentally rediscovered his find for myself.

Billy had been hunting rabbits in the newly-harvested corn fields of the northern section of the farm; he was trying out the new Marlin .22 rifle I had given him at the close of the haying season. As luck would have it (for the rabbits, that is) he had hunted down nothing but a few beer cans (mementos of my tractor-seat lucheon parties), and a rather scraggy crow which probably died of shock instead of the bullet aimed at it.

All this was irrelevant to Billy's mind since to him the sporting aspect to aspire to in a hunt was to expend as many cartridges as possible in the shortest time possible — which he did with careless abandon. (By his standards I'd have to grade him in the "White Hunter" class — on this particular afternoon he fired off three hundred of my long rifle shells!) He headed homeward, contentedly swinging the scraggy crow and happy with the gun across his back.



The sun was hot and so was the rifle barrel, and Billy wandered erratically over the fields in the general direction of the house. Suddenly, he tells me, he heard a high pitched whistling moan like that made by a falling bomb, and the ground at his heels shuddered under the impact of something heavy coming to the earth with no parachute. Probably Billy almost fainted from the shock but he denies this. Instead he says, "Well it surprised me". He spun around (I'm presuming this too...he merely says "turned") and there it was.

It appeared to be quite inanimate (and at this stage of the game I guess it was) and it lay quietly on the ground, cradled snugly between two ridges of cornstalks. Now, my Billy is no coward but he's no fool either, and one does not usually leap upon strange objects from the sky and embrace them, so he circled it cautiously to take its measure. It was about the size of a ten gallon drum and shaped like an oversized football (it didn't have laces though) and it was of a very deep rust colour - almost red.

For his age, (he was then eleven), that son of mine knew quite a bit and he quickly reviewed what I had taught him concerning bombs, aircraft, birds, meteorites, and other things connected in any way with the Wild Blue Yonder. In rapid succession, as he failed to find a connection, he dismissed them all one by one, and his courage returned - I mean he decided to investigate.

Approaching the thing, he placed a tentative foot on its surface and shoved. It didn't move. With more effort he repeated the action but again the result was the same. Tossing caution to the wind, which in this case was only a mild young breeze, he knelt down in the rutted earth and firmly gripped his mysterious find with both hands. The surface was smooth and hard and felt to him like some kind of plastic or fibre-glass. By rocking hard on his heels he occasioned the rusty-hued oval to stir

ever so slightly in its nest of dirt, but efforts to raise or move it further proved futile, even though Billy was strong for his age, so he quit.

The afternoon was closing in and Billy's stomach was urgently pulsing out the words "Supper Time" in some sort of gastric code, since my wife is a fanatic for punctuality at meals, he decided it would be prudent to postpone any further investigation of his phenomenon until after he had satiated the craving for food. Hurriedly he gathered together a heaping armload of slightly decomposed cornstalks and with meticulous precision concealed the thing beneath them. Scurrying home for supper he barely made it.

Following the meal he outmanoeuvred his mother with her proffered dish towel and corralled his kid brother, Johnny. On the pretence of being initiated into the rites of some wonderous new game Billy deputized his brother to secrecy in a mysterious twilight ceremony which he conducted in the mystic sanctity of our old pole-barn. After the eternal vows were taken, they trekked back to the cornfield together. Behind them, bouncing and jolting over the furrows and ridges, they towed Johnny's 'Jet Wagon' containing my new post-hole spade which, incidentally, I haven't seen since and a length of binder twine.

Arriving at the cairn of matted mouldy cornstalks, they unburied the football shaped, plastic textured thing and proceeded to excavate its resting place with the spade. Somehow, with what must have taken herculean effort on their part, the boys succeeded in loading the heavy oval on the 'Jet Wagon' and in lashing it down fairly securely. Then they and it journeyed back across the vast expanse of the northern section, over deserted and desecrated cornfields, to the farmhouse where the object from the sky was hidden away for posterity.

'Posterity' in this case was precisely three weeks by which time I had long since returned from my business trip.



Permit me to remark here that my kids have been brought up to respect confidences and no inkling of their discovery reached me from the lips of either boy: as I mentioned earlier, I re-discovered the discovery for myself in a most unpleasant way.

It was lunch time and we were all eating in the kitchen when it happened. Contentedly I was sipping (perhaps 'slurping' is a better word) my second cup of coffee when the air was suddenly ruptured by the most Godawful racket imaginable. I almost choked, but instead I managed a compromise and merely turned blue while I sprayed hot coffee over half the kitchen. Then, still dribbling and gasping for air, I rushed outside. The noise appeared to center around the pig-sty, so I sprinted that hundred yards as fast as my steeled-toed lumberjack boots would permit me.

The pig-sty was in a state closely approximating that London's infamous Bedlam on a particularly bad day. The old sows (and the young ones too) were tearing around, across, and up and down the pen as if the Devil's own personal pig sticker had his trident in their hams. They screamed, they snort-

ed, and they made various other noises that can best be described as similar in tone and pitch to that of a gargling yodeler stepping on a salted thumbtack with no shoes on. Mud was flying everywhere; great thick globs of it; and occasionally a putrid maggot infested turnip erupted from the tangle of maddened pigs to merge in flight with the sailing mud.

Arming myself with a hay-fork, I vaulted (clambered?) over the five bar fence into the seething confusion of the pen. I was determined to investigate, thinking perhaps a milk-snake or something similarly repulsive had got into the sty to cause this cacaphonic mud bath. I stuck my head through the little door and crawled cautiously inside the sty. My head still bears a nice pink scar where it came in rather solid contact with the doorframe as I came out a helluva lot quicker and with considerably less caution! There was no snake in there but there was most assuredly something; a horrible bedraggled something with a great hideous curved beak!

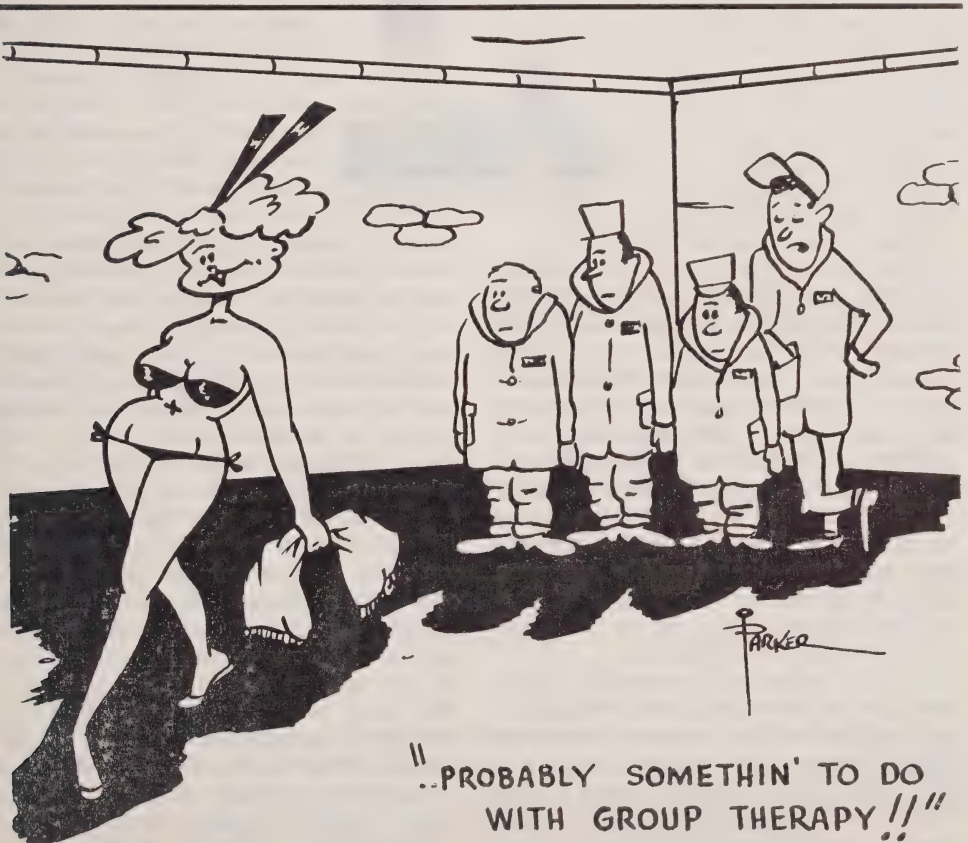
My wife and the two boys, who had followed me from the house, were not too impressed, however, by my incoherent gesticulated explanation and description of the fiendish looking beast of my recent encounter. "After all," my wife said with rather pointed sarcasm, "what nightmarish demon, worse than a skunk or a porcupine, could possibly be lurking in our pig sty?" I reserved my reply, and gently massaged my creased cranium as I adroitly dodged charging bacon beasts and endeavored to keep the mud out of my eyes. Presently I grew tired of this tricky pastime, and, under the frigid collective glare of my entire family, I convinced myself - at least partially - that maybe my wife was right. After all what *could* possibly be lurking in there?

Collecting my wits, guts, hay-fork, and an air of devil may care bravado about me, I sank to my knees and returned to crawl again. The something was still there and it was sickeningly real even though it made no movement as I

entered. Two malevolent beady little eyes gazed hungrily at me in the half light of the sty and I gulped courageously. Fearful lest I be hypnotized into being the thing's dinner, I averted my eyes from its and took in its measure. I felt like the unwilling duelist who has a foreboding awareness that his is the empty gun but has to face his opponent regardless: a nasty, nasty feeling. My opponent was about three feet high and slightly less bedraggled than before. He was covered with dark feathers and sat in the muck and slop of the pig-house surrounded by an erratic circle of rusty fragments. I reached out and tentatively grabbed one of these; it was hard and smooth like some kind of plastic or fiberglass but it wasn't; the something bird did nothing as I fingered its eggshell. As I gazed perplexed at the piece of shell, I caught a movement out

of the corner of my eye; I saw the great curved beak open slowly and the next instant the quiet of the pig sty was rent assunder by the most hideous rasping squawk I have ever heard emitted by anything including man, beast and the transmission of my Chevy. My heart ceased beating for a flat seven seconds, and, if it were not such an un-masculine thing to do, I think I should have fainted where I knelt.

Exercising almost super-human will-power I regained my composure, and seeing the rapid opening and closing motions of the now silent beak, it dawned on me that perhaps the poor brute was hungry. Now, I have a way with animals, especially baby ones, and this seemed to fit in that category - somewhere, so I inched my way cautiously across the warm reeking carpet of dirt



"..PROBABLY SOMETHIN' TO DO
WITH GROUP THERAPY!!"

and dung to snaffle it. To my immense surprise (and unimaginable relief) it put up no more than a token struggle and did not even - Thank God - squawk again.

With that air of bravado hanging around me like a London pea-souper and the frankensteinian bird cradled tenderly in my arms, I retired from the dueling ground to accept my accolade from wife and sons. Bearing my victorious discovery with all modesty of King Jame's minion in cloth of gold, I led the awed and admiring family back to the kitchen, leaving in my wake a host of grateful and calmed pigs.

Their gratitude was not misplaced

for three weeks after, our bird was quite capable of devouring any or all of his foster mothers at a single meal. At this age he had reached the proportions of an overweight bullock and his immense size coupled with his native voracity made it wise to keep him securely tied down - which we did, to an unused water pump in the kitchen yard. When the children finally realized the connection between their 'find' and the monster bird they finally admitted stashing the unborn creature in the pig-house, and in honour of his 'mode d'arrive' we dubbed him, unaffectionately, Bombshell: which was also very apropos to his rather bitchy and explosive temperament. He had the unpleasant and slightly disconcerting habit of devouring anything and everything that came within his reach. The poor thing was suffering from that terrible affliction which we psychiatric experts call manic-digestive-psychosis, or to the layman, compulsive eating-itis.

At the tender and destructive age of two months, when Bombshell was about as lovable as the creature from the Black Lagoon, and we were getting a little sick of his indiscriminate eating habits, we reached the brilliant conclusion that it was high time he went

somewhere where he would be more at home. I considered his going to Hell but could discover no means with which to implement such a move; so instead I phoned the nearest zoo.

The curator with whom I spoke obviously thought I was an escapee from the puzzle factory - or worse - when I advised him of my wish to foist an elephantine early-bird on the zoo's aviary. Nevertheless, I was somehow able to convince him of my sanity and truthfulness by allowing him to hang up and call me back collect, and after a seemingly interminable conversation he eventually acceded to my request that he come personally to inspect my

offering; and that he come prepared to depart with it! Even so, he ended by warning me skeptically that "the zoo takes a very dim view of hoaxes and their perpetrators" and on that we mutually hung up.

Our problems seemed to be almost solved, but there was one little obstacle in our plan which had to be circumvented. The obstacle was, collectively, Billy and Johnny. The children had

become quite attached to the voracious fiend—distantly attached that is—and they objected vigorously to our plan to effect his removal; they just didn't realize how much it cost to keep Bombshell in food, even if he did eat a mere quarter of a ton of horsemeat a day. Thus, we feigned surrender and secretly schemed with the utmost guile to outwit our offspring. On the day before "Z R-day" (Z R for zoological removal) my foxy wife cunningly packed bags and with a young son securely handcuffed to each wrist she embarked by rail for the home of an almost forgotten elderly second cousin twice removed, who dwelt beyond the frontiers of civilization in a rustic Victorian era hamlet named Ottawa. It was a masterpiece of the strategist's art, and in retrospect I am awed by its diabolical planning and sneakily successful execution. The



kids thoroughly enjoyed their excursion into the past, partially because of the quaint surroundings and partially because my wife has a wonderful way with children - she beats them.

Late in the forenoon of "Z R-day" a big green open bed truck with a large and sturdy appearing steel cage on the back rumbled up to the front door. Two nattily attired gentlemen, one a scarecrow, the other a dwarf, alighted from the cab and greeted me with arctic politeness. I smiled inwardly at their doubting manner, and, under the psychoanalytical stare of the truck driver (who sat in his truck smoking and idly telepathing the word "Screwball" at me) I led them inside the house and slammed the door; this abruptly severed the driver's scornful E. S. P. beam and I smiled anew. Through the house I took them and like the Commissionaire at the Park Plaza I opened the kitchen door with a flourish unto the marvellous sight beyond. The dwarf gasped and his pudgy face turned amazingly purple, the scarecrow stuttered and his jaws hung open from paralysed sockets. For an extended moment they stood rooted to the spot, bug-eyed and thunder-struck like wax figures out of Madame Tussaud's chamber of horrors, then in a blast of wind they were gone and when my eyes caught up with them they were circling Bombshell at a wary distance. They presented a ridiculous spectacle. Around and around they went, like mesmerized witches round a cauldron; the dwarf bouncing on diminutive stumps, the scarecrow striding with giraffe-like precision: both as grotesque as the specimens they collected. I grinned uncontrollably.

Bombshell rattled his chain ominously, trying to break it, while he regarded

the two prancing and bouncing apparitions with undisguised cynicism. He had never repeated his hellish cry of our first encounter but occasionally, whenever angry or really hungry, he hissed throatily. Hungrily he hissed at the zoo-men - tempting morsels they! I hate to see grown men make fools of themselves and these two stunned curators had reached the stage where any minute I expected to see donkey ears appear on their heads. Compassionately I cattle-prodded the erstwhile jackeye (plural form of jackass) back to the kitchen where I spoon-fed them from a pot of scalding black coffee in an attempt to bring them to their senses. I soon discovered they had none.

In a short while, however, the scarecrow recovered his mien though the dwarf never did (I understand he completely lost his sanity, and when last heard of he was working at some administrative position in government), and despite my protestations he insisted on paying me "a small sum as a token of the zoo's gratitude". When I inspected the cheque to find a four figure sum staring me in the face I quit protesting and reluctantly permitted myself to be coerced into accepting it. What a sacrifice I made for the poor man.

The curators did not hang about, and soon, skipping merrily to the truck, they went to collect their new possession. I went outside just as the uniformed driver slammed-home the door bolts on the massive caged bulk of Bombshell, who, dopey with sodium-pentothal, was taking it just like a man... lying down. The driver glanced my way and shame-facedly beamed an extra-sensory apology to me for ever doubting my story. I transmitted an

Indianapolis — (AP)

Two gunmen cancelled their own screen tests yesterday by stealing the cameras and film. After taking \$30,845 in a holdup at the American Fletcher National Bank in suburban Cumberland, they pulled down two movie cameras that had been recording the scene and took them along as they fled.

acceptance beam and suddenly they were gone; the driver, the jackeye, and Bombshell were headed for the barred and peanuttied confines of the zoo, and, grinning as if my heart would break, I watched the rumbling vehicle recede in the distance.

The crisp comforting reality of the four-figured cheque quickly dispelled my sadness bringing in its stead the thought of more urgent matters; one of the most urgent (and most unpleasant) of these was the kids.

Three days later the family came home and immediately war was declared. I dug in for the duration. I was attacked as being "a beast, a liar, a sneak, a thief", and various other things including a picturesque assortment of those mono-syllabic words one usually learns in the services or in jail but which the boys picked up in grade school. I stood firm, resolved, not repenting my deeds, but I stood alone. My wife - the traitress - disowned me and vehemently and mendaciously denied complicity in the plan. For a whole week I spoke to no one but myself and the information girl at Bell Telephone, until finally, broken in spirit, I struck my colours and negotiated a conditional surrender with my loving family. This "conditional surrender" is the reason I no longer play golf on the weekends: I am, to all intents and purposes, a prisoner of war. Every Saturday morning my car is commandeered, and, with me forced under pain of excommunication from the household to drive it, we go to the zoo. There I am subjected to the mental equivalent of a 'third degree' by being forced to

stand without protest to watch my hard-earned money disappear without trace down Bombshell's gullet in the form of prime roasts and grade 'A' steaks; its enough to make a grown man cry. The boy's claim the beast needs us "to keep him company", but whether or not he actually does I cannot say with any authority for he never was one to show much emotion.

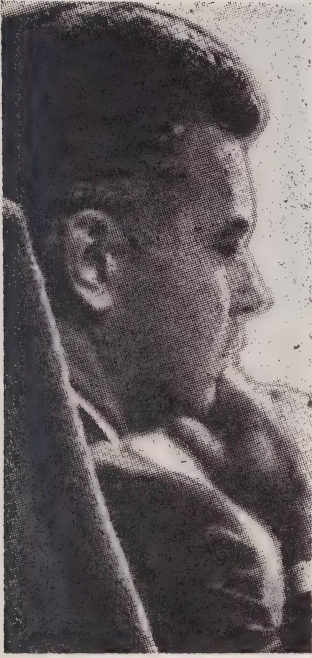
And there you have it; the unexpurgated history of this chunk of shell. Yet, despite my avowed animosity and downright hatred for the creature, I do feel a certain measure of patriotic pride in fact that I am the only farmer in all of Canada who can claim to have actually incubated in his pigsty the forerunner of a distinctive national symbol: our Bombshell, the original, king-sized, hungry OOKPIK!!



JUST HER LUCK

"If you had to choose between marrying for love or money, Jane, which would you choose?" asked her friend.

"Love, I expect," replied Jane. "I always seem to do the wrong thing."



SOME MAKE CAREERS OF PRISON!

Via: The Pendleton Reflector

In almost all prisons can be found a nucleus of men who seem to make a career of serving time. But the saddest part is that most of these men possess a high degree of intelligence.

HERE IS a man who has three years of college training. The way he handles himself, as he works on institutional programs, shows that he has natural leadership abilities. He is always a model prisoner. Guards and inmates respect him. But this is his third commitment.

BY
J.H. SHERMAN

There is another who is a skilled lab technician. He enjoys his work, and takes great pride in performing it and teaching it to others. He never takes a day off. Last week, after spending four brief months in society, he returned to the institution for parole violation with a new commitment,

And these two men going there: One if them the well built one is a star athlete. You should see how everyone hurries to watch him play. How they yell! He is good at any sport. The other one is a professional musician. He is tops. He could hold a job with any orchestra. The crowd really applauds whenever he performs.

EACH OF these men, however, has served time in at least three prisons. This is the second time here for both.

These men, and many others like them, are model prisoners. They exercise their skills while in prison. They are courteous thoughtful, and respected. Yet, these men flop in society, like the proverbial dog's tail that remained straight as long as it was in a bamboo pole, but flopped the moment it was released.

What is there about a prison society that tends to draw men with such great potential back into it?

All men tend to be status seekers. All men wish to be loved, admired. If this admiration, love, and respect cannot be won in a competitive, free society, then could it be possible that such men find, or think they find, it in a low, prison society?

THIS THEORY could not hold true in all cases where a man is a constant repeater. Educational and physical poverty, which hinder many men from competing in the complex society of today, make repeaters. And as long as there are circumstances beyond man's control, there will be victims.

This theory may not be true in every case, but let us speculate, honestly.

In coming to prison, these men showed that, in spite of their intelligence, they were unable to meet their social responsibilities. Seeking their goals as top man on the totem pole in their respective fields of endeavor, they shirked their duties. Reaching for the next rung on the ladder, they took short cuts.

Those unguarded moments—moments when they lost sight of the whole and snatched at a small fragment caused them to be placed in exile . . . in prison.

IN PRISON they find an altogether different society. They find that they have no responsibilities. They are given food, clothing, and

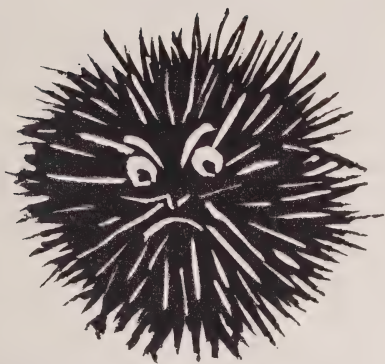
shelter. The state cares for their families. Their education places them a step above the men with whom they now have to compete. They are given jobs that carry with them a certain amount of prestige—²jobs that would be considered "white cellar" jobs in a free society. They are admired, respected, and in many cases even envied. They have found their Utopia. All of this and no responsibilities!

Then the day comes when these men are sent back into the free world society. They immediately see the responsibilities they must face. In order to gain status, they must compete with men who are as learned as they are. They now find themselves in the same type of situation as before, only worse; for now, on parole, their actions must have a higher percentage of purity than Ivory Soap.

IN JAIL AGAIN as a parole violator, or with a new commitment, these men grumble the loudest. But their grumbling usually ends with this statement: "Oh, well, I know I'm going back, but I'll get my old job again." He longs for his peer group.

Watching one of these men return to prison and fit so easily and naturally back into a groove seems to be proof of that theory. One cannot help but notice that these men, upon their return, are seldom ever sad or dejected. It does not seem to bother them that they have let their fellows down, and should be appalled at not making good. Instead, they are all smiles and forever waving to friends and associates they recognize. They have many tall tales to spin about their plunge back into, and their return from, the free world society.

IN TRYING to imagine one of them appealing to the judge who sends them back, one is reminded of a tale from childhood by Uncle Remus, where Brer Rabbit begs Brer Fox, "Please don't throw me back into the brier patch."



THE COCKLEBURR SPEAKS

— The American Journal of
Correction

SOMEWHERE IN JUNO and the Paycock, himself says to his bosom boozin' companion, when he was informed that he held the winning sweepstakes ticket, "Tis a darlin' world, Joxer, a darlin' world," until he learned that the ticket belonged to another of the same name in the next county, and his joy turned into a lament, "Ah, Joxer, the world is full of chassis," as the moving-men hauled away the expensive merchandise his short-lived fortune had brought. This completely irrelevant prolegomenon serves to introduce a discussion of current attempts to reduce and prevent juveniles from developing into four-star cons by utilizing the bitter wisdom distilled from their experiences with cops, courts and clinks. Just as one alky who has learned the truth of *facilis descensus Averno* is likely to be the best counsellor and guide for another such about to make the long skid, so there are those who believe that other cons and other delinquents can make a more lasting impression on those who are about to engage in or repeat capers that most certainly will result in their removal from free circulation to durance vile and being indelibly stamped with the mark of Cain. Out in California, a judge, name of Robert Gardner, as reported in *The National Observer* several months ago, gives an account of an experiment he initiated and which is worth reflecting upon and discussing inasmuch as the traditional procedures and present programs have not yielded too much marketable ore. Here we quote the Judge:

"This was the boy's third appearance in court. Everything had been tried. Advice, counselling, training, detention — nothing had worked. We had come to the point where ordinarily the judge simply throws up his hands and sends the juvenile off to a correctional institution or reform school for an extended training program — which, even if successful, leaves

the youth with a stigma he will carry through life.

"Then a young man who was sitting directly in the back of the parents spoke up. I knew him well. He was the older brother of the boy, and a bad actor himself. He had gone through the same mill and ended up in that vast complex of diagnostic and treatment we call the California Youth Authority — in other words, the state reform school. He was now out on probation.

"Judge," he said, glowering around at his old enemies, the police and the probation officers, 'you give me my kid brother, and you will never see him in here again.'

"The idea appealed to me. I made an order releasing the youngster to the custody of his 'bad' brother. You could almost feel the thin-lipped disapproval in the courtroom — from the police, the probation officer, the older boy's parole agent, even from the parents.

"My gamble worked. We never saw the boy again."

The Judge makes it clear that such a deviation from the editorially and socially sanctioned kick-their-teeth-out methods is dangerous. Nevertheless, being of an inquisitive turn of mind, he goes ahead:

"Any time you turn a youngster over to a more experienced, sophisticated, hardened delinquent you take a fearful chance. You take a chance that rather than helping, the older delinquent will actually harm the younger one. Always in the back of your mind is the thought that you may be playing into the hands of a veritable Fagin who will teach the younger offender the tricks of the trade. Also, a person in a position like mine would not be intellectually honest if he did not admit

that he always has in the back of his mind the fear of that screaming headline, 'Judge Turns Youngster Over to Hardened Criminal'."

Continuing, he relates part of the reason the pressed pants, shined shoes, clean fingernails approach to a tough young punk is somewhat less than successful:

"Let my ex-delinquent tell you in his own words of the ex-convict's approach: 'He had a way of making a kid feel like a real punk, a fink, for pulling his ridiculous petty crimes, and at the same time made a guy think that he was important and had a lot of good in him. He didn't come on like a Joe Do-gooder, and this way he got our confidence. He came on like Gang Busters and he talked the language of the streets. He didn't pull any punches and he put across an image, the kind of image that a guy in the reform school or on the streets goes for; but at the same time he compared his past life with each kid's potential future and showed them that crime didn't pay You take a man who has a good background and put him in a room full of punks and he will never break through their barrier. They won't let him. They have the best defense in the world and that is, what do you know about my problem? You have got to know how these guys think or you will never even come close to gaining their confidence. You have to have all the characteristics of a hood, except the one that breaks the law; then you can talk to them and gain some ground.'"

As an instance of the ex-con being genuinely concerned about the future of a budding young hood, the judge tells of having sent a car thief to a "businessman of my acquaintance":

"Judge," he told me, 'this is Bill

Carter (not his real name, of course). That kid who took my car just left. I'm glad you sent him over. We spent all afternoon together and had a real good talk. I think I may have done him some good. You see, you didn't know it, but I'm a graduate of (a juvenile reformatory in an adjoining county). If you have any more young cons I can talk to, send them over.'"

Winding up his discussion about delinquents counselled and supervised by convicts, he writes:

"In this connection, again, may I quote from my young correspondent, the ex-delinquent: 'The only way such an organization could be of any value is if it appears to the kids as being completely separate from any law-enforcement agency or any rehabilitation program. It has got to appear completely on its own and with all attention on the kids; and they must feel completely free to express all of their desires and past experience

without fear of being prosecuted for it. All men who come in direct contact with the kids must be ex-cons or men who have lived through the same experience and are completely free from any official title.'"

Out in Indiana, according to the *Pendleton Reflector*, young inmates from the Reformatory visit high schools and tell their stories to teenage students, answer questions about themselves, their capers, and their present routine and residence.

It seems to me that if Alcoholics Anonymous, Gamblers Anonymous, and Narcotics Anonymous are as effective as they apparently are, it could just be the Convicts Anonymous might also be effective in straightening out the crooked or those who are in the process of being bent by the conditions and forces they either cannot or will not cope with in accordance with the rules and regulations that govern the conduct of those who seek a reasonably tranquil existence in a reasonably untr tranquil community.

The Canadian Red Cross Society

Warden H. Smith,
Kingston, Ontario

Dear Mr. Smith:

May I, on behalf of the Kingston Branch of the Red Cross Society, extend a very special "Thank You" to all the inmates who, in any way, helped us at our recent Blood Donor Clinic.

Because of their kindness and assistance it is always a great pleasure to visit your institution. I might add, that this was a relatively successful clinic as we received 435 pints of blood from over 460 donors.

Sincerely yours,
(Mrs.) M. A. Ratez,
Executive Secretary,
Kingston Branch,
Red Cross Society.

Sports										SOFTBALL									
										HORSESHOES									
										HANDBALL									
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Name																			
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Name						by Alan Baker													

BAD GUYS LOSE AGAIN!

In the afternoon of June 7 the *Saints* suffered their first defeat, but it took a combination of the Navy, the Air Force and the Mounties to do it. The *All-Star* team of the *National Defence League* of Ottawa won by a 10-7 score.

The *Armed Forces* staged a three-pronged attack in the second inning that gained them three vital objectives under the guidance of Kanik, Barrett and Flaro. The *Saints* then got one back when Ernie Coates brought in Wally Johnson with a solid hit. In the third, the enemy hurler, Brown, infiltrated home plate. But the *Saints* immediately counter-attacked and a double by Johnson brought Herb Handy and Johnny Larkin safely through the combat zone. During the *Saints'* fifth assault wave, Handy, Larkin and Johnson all made it home safely on the bat of Coates. Ernie then reached his own lines under the shield of a hit by Mike Duquesne. Regrettably, Military-man Logan fired off an over-the-wall homer in the seventh which paved the way to victory in the next inning. Then, Kanik, Rys-tephanuk and Logan all came home on a triple by Murphy. In the ninth, Fraser and McKeown crushed the last of the *Saints'* hopes.

DODGERS TO THE TOP

The *Dodgers* met the *Mets* on the afternoon of the 19th and went home with first place in their pockets after winning 4-3. Things began to happen in the top of the second as Captain John Lalonde batted in his hurler, Doug Sperry. In the *Mets'* half of the third, John Larkin came home on a double by Steve Benning. And, while the man behind the plate was feverishly hunting up the ball, Rocky Thibeault scooted in to make it 2-1. Coming to bat at the top of the seventh, Herb Handy brought in Howie Breen and the same service was promptly performed for him when Wally Johnson singled. *Mets* retaliated that same inning with Gwizd scoring on a single by Larkin. However, in the eighth, Breen was sent home on a big triple by Joe Scala and the game was won. The defeated pitcher was Doug Kruse, playing his first full game on the mound. Sperry was the victor.

SAINTS GET SQUISHED

The *Manotick-Mets* of the *South Carleton Softball League* called on the *Saints* in the afternoon of the 20th, and went home to Ottawa with a 12-3 win. This Senior "A" club scored in the first inning when Bracker batted in



METS: (Back row, left to right) Duquesne, Thompson, Upshaw, R. Thibeault, Brazeau, Kruse, Cambell. (Front row) Benning, Windsor, Larkin, B. Thibeault, Yankula.

McDermott. Next inning, Murray Palmer came for the *Saints* on a double by John Lalonde. In the third, Doug Sperry made it 2-1 as he skidded home on a sacrifice fly by Herb Handy. One inning later, Wally Johnson homered over his usual spot on the east wall, but the *Saints* did not score again. In the fifth, the visitors moved Tomkins from the mound to shortstop and put Mott in his place. This man proved to be virtually unhittable. During the game, McDermott collected a hat-trick of runs, and Tomkins and Knox got two apiece. In the ninth, Armstrong and Zupor hit two consecutive balls along the over-the-wall trail.

The *Mets* were undoubtedly the best club to visit us so far this season, and they deserved their win against the apathetic *Saints*. Incidentally, they topped the *S.C.S.B.L.* last year to win the Bracken Trophy.

HANDBALL TOURNAMENTS

While that "springy-sport" known as handball has been around for more than a thousand years, it is showing no sign of dying from old age in this particular gap on the map. In those ancient times the inhabitants of Ireland are reputed to have devised handball as a sort of limbering-up-for-war-game. At present in K. P. the game is played for more peaceable reasons, though the limbering-up motive probably still attracts quite a number of participants to the courts.

In the not too recent past, the "springy" types here got together and competed in two tournaments. Each was divided into an "A" series and a "B" series. In the first the team of Bob McKnight and Doug Kruse met Ernie Coates and Gerry Allison in the playoffs and emerged as the victors. The winning "B" team was that of Murray Palmer and Paul Franks, who successfully won against Charlie



Acme Fireside Furnishings

Gray and Pat Berry in the finals.

In the "A" series of the second tournament, McKnight and Kruse again outshot all their competition. They played-off against Coates and Herb Handy and defeated them by the solid score of 15-3. The "B" series was wrapped up by the agile two-some of Teddy Partyka and Nick Yankula. Their opponents in this last round of the tourney were Donny Fox and Mel Christy who left the courts with a 15-2 loss.

TORONTO PAVERS LEVELLED

On the 27th, the *Saints* hosted the *Little Rock Paving Company* from

Toronto and beat them at their own racket by paving the victory with 9 runs — the *Little Rockers* got only 5. The visitors scored in the first inning but this hardly mattered to the *Saints* who snapped right back in the second. With customary ease, Wally Johnson sent one over the wall and Ernie Coates followed with another homer. Johnson scored again in the next inning with Johnny Larkin and Mike Duquesne as travelling companions. In the fourth, Young John L. scooted home rapidly with an inside-the-wall home run. The *Torontonians* gained two runs in the seventh, one when their runner got dinged with the ball at third base bad Murray Palmer was the perpetrator of that foul deed. Minutes later, however,



The Handball Court

rambunctious Rocky Thibeault arrived at home plate under the power of a hit by Mike Duquesne. In the eighth, one happy hurler, Russ Hobday, harvested a run off his southpaw opponent and Joe Sullivan knocked in another. The *Little Rockers* took two in the ninth, but for this Intermediate "AA" club, the day she was kaput!

METS TOPPLE DODGERS

Among the Dominion Day casualties were the first place *Dodgers* who suffered a critical 15-8 loss the *Mets* in their morning game. Even so, the *Dodgers* started with a full head of steam. In the first inning, they gathered a total of 5 runs from Stewy Lawrence, Herb Handy, Wally Johnson, Aube and Doug Sperry. It took the *Mets* until the third to get rolling. At that point, Steve Benning stole home and

Mike Duquesne, along with Gerry Upshaw, came in on a single by Bob Thompson. In the fourth a Lone *Dodger*, Howie Breen, was Hi-yo'ed in by Handy. However, in the *Mets'* half of that inning, Steve Benning conveniently homered with Johnny Larkin and Rocky Thibeault on base. Two innings later, Steve again batted Larkin across the plate, this time with Barney Gwizd as a companion. Duquesne then took charge of the ball to bring in Benning and Bobby Thibeault with a double. (Bob is the shy Thibeault.) At the top of the seventh John Lalonde scored for the *Dodgers*. That same inning, Big Mike struck again to bring Ricky Windsor and Doug Kruse home. The same courtesy was promptly extended to Mike by Johnny Larkin. Ricky returned in the eighth to help shy Bob home and then stole across the plate himself. In the final minutes of play, Johnson took the *Dodgers* eighth run as Sperry fired off a clean double. Nevertheless, Doug wound up being the losing pitcher and the other Doug, Kruse, claimed the laurels of victory.

TWINS' THIRD WIN

On Dominion Day afternoon, the other top club, the *Giants*, also suffered a loss; this one to the *Twins* by an 11-10 score. Joe Sullivan, mgr. of the visiting *Twins*, initiated the scoring in the first by batting in his third baseman, Jean-Paul Fredericks. Lyle Chickoloski then used his opponent's ball to get a double that brought Sully and Bob McKnight home. In the top of the second frame, Captain Billy Alberts batted out a double of his own to bring in Doug Hastings and Fredericks. One full inning later, McKnight also journeyed home. Now, with the score 5-0, the *Giants* struck back hard. Manager Palmer batted in Ron Druce for the first run. Ernie Coates immediately commandeered the ball and sent it far enough to bring Murray home. Harold St Amour, stepping up to bat next, promptly hammered a solid hit to left field and brought Coates in for



Saints Team: (Back Row) Ross Hobday, Fred Sweet, Jack Deringer, Jack Booth, Ricky Windsor, Mike Duquesne, Rock Thibeault. (Third Row) Lyle Chickloski, Herb Handy, Wally Johnson. (Second Row) John Lalonde, Murray Palmer, John Larkin, Ernie Coates. (Front Row) John Gough, Doug Sperry, John Copley, Joe Sullivan, Steve Benning.

the third *Giant* run. In the *Twins'* half of the sixth, Alberts successfully ran the gauntlet on a hit by Sullivan. In the bottom of the ninth, .007 — that's his batting average — Red Huntington connected with the hitherto elusive ball and brought home Rick Burger and Freddie Sweet. In the top of the seventh, Bob Ridgeway batted in McKnight with a double that two fielding errors turned into a homerun. Seconds afterwards, Alberts sent in Fredericks for another run. In the *Giants'* half, Murray Palmer came up with the only run. The eighth saw Chickoloski score from McKnight for the *Twins*, and Huntington from Druce for the *Giants*. The bottom of the ninth was a time of agonizing suspense for both teams. First, St. Amour was batted in by Burger, then Burger by Sweet and, finally, Pritchard, running

for Sweet, was brought in on a hit by former Saint manager Jack Booth. The bases were then loaded, but the tying run was not to be had. Pitching the winner was Lyle Chickoloski; bearing the defeat, Rick Burger.

**"THERE'S NOBODY UP HERE,
BUT US GIANTS!"**

In the morning of July 10, the *Giants* took sole possession of first place by defeating the *Dodgers* 12-6. Red Huntington showed his team the way by homering over the wall at the top of the second with Rick Burger on base. A minute or so later, Murray Palmer pulled a similar stunt with Ronnie Druce on second. At the bottom of that inning, Aube scored off Stockwell for the *Dodgers*. Horlick then came in from Scala, and he and Stockwell were batted in by Breen. In the third for the

PLAYERS	IP	H	BB	SO	WP	ER	ERA	Decisions
Hobday (Giants)	86	109	30	60	10	44	4.59	4W-6L
Sperry (Mets)	86½	97	16	51	19	44	4.86	6W-4L
Rodrique (Dodgers)	53	56	31	36	5	30	5.04	1W-2L
Sullivan (Twins)	15	26	11	14	9	11	6.57	1W-2L

Good Show MGR! Pinch hitter Jack Booth also brought in Ernie Coates. One inning later, an error turned a hit by Freddie Sweet into another home-run for the *Giants*. In the ninth, Stewy Lawrence sent in Howie Breen for the *Dodgers*. It was the final scoring play of the game. Pitching himself another win was that man with the League's lowest E. R. A., Russ Hobday. Taking the loss was Jean-Paul Rodrique.

SAINTS CLIP FLOWERS

Fine's Flowers, a team of familiar faces from Ottawa, came back for another "bit" on July 4th and, when *Giants*, Yorkie batted in Hobday with a double. Red Huntington then banged out a triple that sent Yorkie and Burger Home! Next inning, Palmer stole across the plate and Harold St. Amour came in on a pass ball. In the bottom of same, Joe Scala scored for the *Dodgers* on a bad throw. At the top of the sixth, Murray Palmer upped with his second over-wall homer of the game — Jolly

finally released, they had been defeated 13-10. The visiting right-fielder, Yeldon, set all hands claping with three consecutive over-the-wall shots: one in the first, one in the fourth and one in the sixth. He last time at bat he only got a double, but then no one's perfect!

In the bottom of the first, John Lalonde and Herb Handy were brought in by Ernie Coates. When *Flowers'* catcher allowed a passed ball, Ernie charged across the plate himself. Promptly and predictably, Steve Benning proceeded to slam one over the east wall. Rocky Thibeault reached the plate in the fourth when Doug Perry smashed an off-the-wall triple. One inning later, Wally Johnson made it 6-2 when he scored from third base on a foul-out that was caught by the left-fielder. A visiting Gadde brother, Bill, homered over the wall in the seventh. In the bottom of that inning, Handy came in on a single by Johnson.

PLAYERS	GP	AB	R	H	HR	RBI	BA	FA
Coates (Giants)	11	45	14	19	3	10	.488	.895
Johnson (Dodgers)	11	47	7	19	1	8	.425	.926
Handy (Dodgers)	11	44	10	18	0	4	.408	.924
R. Thibeault (Mets)	9	37	8	14	0	1	.378	.931
Duquesne (Mets)	10	45	13	14	1	7	.372	.880

Wally, with Lalonde as a running mate, was immediately sent home by Coates' helpful triple and Ernie then came in on a sacrifice fly. In the eighth the *flower-men* tied the score 10-10, but Ernie Coates was due, so, taking his favourite blue-tipped bat in hand, he homered with no apparent effort while Lalonde and Johnson occupied bases. Those three runs won it: 13-10 for the *Saints*. Doug Sperry got the win and the loss went to Bradley of the visiting team. This was Bradley's first loss anywhere this year and *Fines* took first place in their league — Ottawa's Intermediate "A" — last season.

FIRST NIGHT GAME

On Monday, July 5th, a night game was played between the *Twins* and the *Dodgers* to make up for the one rained-out the previous Saturday. The score ended 8-6 for the *Dodgers*. The *Twins* opened the scoring in the first

when Billy Alberts came in on Joe Sullivan's double. In the bottom of the inning, however, Herb Handy slipped home on a passed ball to knot the score. In the third, Herb batted in Joe Scala and two innings later he scored again, this time on a single by Wally Johnson. The *Dodgers* attacked again in the sixth, their fourth tally being counted by Howie Breen. And then it was handy Herb again in the seventh when John Lalonde doubled him home and advanced to third when the throw came to the plate. Lalonde then took home on a sacrifice fly by Johnson. In the top of the eighth, the *Twins* appeared to be starting a rally. Alberts and Cadagan got on base, then Sullivan blasted one over the wall into the sunset. Minutes later, Ray Couchie reduced the *Dodgers'* lead to only one run by scoring on a hit by Pete Smith. However, when the *Dodgers* came to bat for the last time, Jean-Paul Rodrique came in on a bad throw. Handy scored once more and Lalonde made it home



TWINS: (Back row, from left to right) Grisby, Jacques, Yorkie, Moxley, Hobday, Jillings, Breen, Provost, Zimba, Brown, Johnson, (Front row) McMahon, Armstrong, Hastings, Scala.

with the help of Johnson's bat.

Bottom of the ninth and the *Twins'* last chance. Alberts put good wood on the ball and sent it off to see the world beyond the wall. It was the first homer of his career. But that was all for the *Twins* and pitcher-manager Sullivan took the loss. Returning to active duty and winning his first start was J.P. Rodrique.

THE MEN ON THE WEIGHTS

Kingston's weight-lifters are members of a hardy and dedicated breed. Year-round, from the dead of winter to the height of summer, the men on the weights pursue their lifting with a firm determination and boundless enthusiasm. And the payoff for their efforts is there for all to see!

Buddy Smith and Mike Duquesne are both relatively new at this game though from their accomplishments it would hardly seem so.

Smitty is cleaning and jerking 245 lbs. He snatches 190 lbs. and presses 210 lbs. His best curl is recorded as 165 lbs.! When he is not terrifying the opposition with his deadly bat on the ball field, Mike Duquesne devotes much of his time to the military press. He never has any trouble surpassing the 200 lb. mark. Paul Violette had been lifting for approximately three years before he left for Joyceville some weeks ago. His record as it is remembered, was a clean and jerk of 260 lbs.; a snatch of 205 lbs.; and a press of 200 lbs.

Joe Patterson is the man of experience in this group. He has been a lifter for about six years. His military-press has been practised to the point where he does 260 lbs. with considerable ease! And he also does a dead lift of 600 lbs.

Gord Duck began lifting when he arrived here about a year ago. He has jerked 245 lbs., pressed 190., and snatched 170 lbs.

Reg Heald has worked with the weights for six years off and on. And with the clean and jerk method, he has lifted 250 lbs., with the press 210 lbs., and with the snatch 180 lbs. With the



Back Row: Mike Duquesne, Joe Patterson, Richard Smith. **Front Row:** Gordon Duck, Reg. Heald, and Paul Violette.

standing-behind-the-neck press, he does 195 lbs.!

In our midst at the present time we have a former Canadian Lightweight Weightlifting champion. He is Sid Charendoff, who held the rank in 1962. Sid feels that the men here have the potential to form a really powerful championship team, providing they could get the proper instruction. Sid has agreed to show anyone who would like to learn, the correct methods of weightlifting.

SAINTS SHOOT DOWN SNIPERS

On July 18th the Saints hosted Benny's Snipers from Perth, Ontario and defeated them by a score of 8-2. Nothing happened until the bottom of the third when Rocky Thibeault was assisted home by Herb Handy. Wally Johnson got a double right after that and Handy came in on it. Next, inning Murray Palmer sent in Mike Duquesne and Rocky sent in Palmer. Handy — Mr. Consistent Hitter himself — then batted in Rocky with an almost automatic single. In the fifth, Duquesne got his RBI of the day by sending in Johnson. Steve Benning promptly came home as Palmer was ground out at

first. Three innings later, the visitors finally gained their pair of runs as P. Cordick batted in Scott and Burtram. In the ninth, Handy hit once more to send Palmer home. Pitching the win, a seven inning shutout and an all-round great game, was Russ Hobday. The losing Sniper was Howley whose club plays in an unclassified league.

MEETING OF OPPOSITE ENDS

In the morning of July 24th, the first place Giants took on the last place Twins and showed them why the status quo is so by defeating them 7-2. The Twins opened the scoring in the first as Bob McKnight was batted in by Fred Sweet. But at the bottom of the inning, the Giants took three runs by way of compensation. The first one came as Ron Druce came home off a double by Billy Alberts. The second as Alberts was batted in by Ernie Coates. And the third when Murray Palmer sneaked home on a bad throw. Next inning the G-Men collected another three. And again it was Druce, Alberts and Palmer, as assisted by Coates, who did the collecting. Palmer batted in the first two with a triple. At the top of the third, the Twins obtained their second run, also at the hands of McKnight. In the bottom of that inning, Harold St. Amour wrapped up the scoring as he was batted home by Red Huntington. The game was called in the sixth when the Twin's manager, Joe Sullivan, was ejected by umpire Harrison Biggs. The Twins were then no longer able to field a team. The winning pitcher was Russ Hobday; the loser, Mick Heald who was playing his first game of the season.

SAINTS SUCCUMB TO PRINTERS

The team of Trenton Commercial Printing paid a call on the Saints on July 25th and stamped their record book with an 8-7 loss. The visitors began their victory in the second as Barker batted in Chambers with a

double and then scored himself. However, at the bottom of that inning, it appeared as if the game was going to the Saints as they chalked up five runs. Ernie Coates took number one as he homed over the left field wall. Then Steve Benning came in from Murray Palmer. Murray and Mike Duquesne were next as Herb Handy layed down a triple. Finally, Handy was batted in by John Lalonde. In the fourth the visitors took one run, but it was in the fifth that the spectacular happened. With one run already in, the bases were loaded. A pinch hitter named Nitts was summoned from the bench. And, on the second pitch, he walloped the ball clear over the wall. I believe they call such things Grand Slams No? Anyway, it won the game. At the bottom of the sixth, Wally Johnson homered, too, but unfortunately for him only Lalonde was on base. Pitching for the Intermediate "A" victors was Elhott. For the Assorted "Y" Saints, Doug Sperry.

TWINS LOSE TO METS

It was the Mets at the Twins in the morning of July 31st and the Twins again took the loss, this time by a score of 10-7. The Mets started off at a run or perhaps I should say a "walk" because it was with one that Gerry Upshaw opened the scoring. Kruse and Cunningham were next as Doug Sperry batted a double. And, to wrap up that first inning, both Mike Duquesne and Rocky Thibeault came home. At the bottom of the second, Ray Couchie scored for the Twins, as did Roy Boziack. One complete inning later, Freddie Sweet provided the hit that brought in Bob McKnight. Continuing the Twins' counter-attack in the fourth, Savage singled in Boziack and, within minutes, McKnight batted in Joe Matwick with the tying run. But the tie was soon broken by Doug Kruse as he fired off his second over-the-wall homer of the year. At the top of the sixth, Sperry and Fredericks made it across the plate as Steve Ben-



Trenton Air Force Team

ning knocked himself a double. Next inning, while Sweet created a diversion by unsuccessfully trying to steal second, Jack Caplin did succeed in stealing home from third. In the eighth it was Duquesne and Benning for the Mets and, with the final run, Couchie from Matwick for the Twins. Doug Sperry was the pitcher earning the win. Potter took the loss.

HO! HO! HO! SAID THE GIANTS

In the afternoon of the 31st, the jolly blue Giants went for a walk in their first place valley and along the way they trounced the Dodgers 12-2. It was a one-sided ball game from the start — and that came in the first minutes of play as Ronnie Druce adroitly stole home. Hot on his heels came Billy Alberts padding in on a passed ball, followed by manager Murray Palmer as Jack Booth was walked with the bases loaded. Then the Dod-

gers kindly donated another run to the cause when their catcher failed to catch and Ernie Coates scooted in. After that the Giants took a siesta. Waking refreshed at the top of the sixth, Booth — the pinch-hitting phenomenon — batted in Coates. Russ Hobday then joined Jack on base and both of them were promptly sent home by Yorkie with a triple. York' and Red Huntington wrapped up the scoring for the time being as Druce hit a single. At the bottom of that inning, John Lalonde struck back with the Dodgers' first and only earned run. It was a high and mighty homer, but John looked lonesome running around those empty bases. In the eighth, Yorkie hit a double that sent in Rick Burger and he was moved around hmiself, along with Booth, by Huntington. In the very last seconds of play, a bad throw helped Stewy Lawrence home with the Dodgers' second

run. Russ Hobday tossed himself the win and Lyle Chickloski got stuck with the loss.

THE ALLEN CONGRESS

AUGUST 2nd WAS CONGRESS

DAY; it was also Judgment Day for the Saints, who were almost annihilated by Trudeau Motor Hotel of Belleville in their stampede to take the Allen Cup. The actual score in the final game was Trudeau 16, Saints 3.

The day's activities were composed of two seven and one nine inning games. The first, according to the draw made by all the team managers, pitted the Saints against Acme Fireside Furnishings. K.P.'s own eliminated Acme here by the score of 9-1. Herb Handy was the first man to cross the Congress plate and he did it early in the first inning as Ernie Coates singled. In the third, Wally Johnson pounded a ball over the left wall — where else? — while Murray Palmer occupied second base. Next inning, they took another six runs. It was Mike Duquesne from Doug Sperry; Steve Benning from Rocky Thibeault; Rocky from Handy; Handy from Palmer and, finally, Palmer and John Lalonde from Johnson. At the top of the fifth, Acme secured their solitary run as Mitchell was batted in by McNeil. Pitching the next best thing to a shutout was Doug Sperry. He deserves much of the credit for getting the Saints into the final game. The losing pitcher was Smith.

The second game, between Trudeau and the National Defence League All-Stars, was a compact 2-1 affair. It was also probably the best game of the day, so it was unfortunate that the inmate population had to be locked in for lunch while it was played. National Defence scored first as Flaro batted in Barrett in the second inning, but from there on Trudeau suppressed them completely. In the fifth, DeMille tied the score with a spectacular ten-foot face-first slide to the plate. And, minutes later, the game was won by

Locke.

The final Saint-levelling game began at 2 o'clock and happened this way. In the opening minutes, Wally Johnson knocked off a double that served to bring in John Lalonde. But next inning the men from Trudeau countered by collecting seven runs with five doubles and a single. The battings-in went this way: Lock from Mavety; Mavety from "Shaker" Baker; Baker and Zakos from DeMille; DeMille from Plane; Plane from Weston and Weston from Brennan. At the bottom of the third Zakos and Baker both scored again. In the fourth for the Saints, Johnson hit again to send in Murray Palmer. But, in the latter half of the inning, Brennan, Lock and Mavety all brought in additional runs. Brennan also repeated in the fifth. Next time at bat, with DeMille on base, Plane homered over those proverbial prison walls and after that Trudeau had only one more run to go. Mavety collected it in the seventh. Finally, with the last gesture of Saintly defiance, Murray Palmer hit a blistering over-the-wall home run — no easy feat off the pitcher Trudeau had!

Said hurler was Ken DeMille. From Bloomfield the ALL-ONTARIO INTERMEDIATE "B" championship team, Ken had won 17 of his 19 starts up to that time. At twenty, he has been pitching for three years. He is also a rightfielder, a second baseman and one of the league's best hitters — he batted in the winning and tying runs in this game. This all-star ball-player admits — under pressure — to an average of 15 strike-outs per game. But, from what we saw of him I'd be willing to bet it is closer to 25!

Charlie Gray, our ball commissioner, surrendered the Allen Trophy to Belleville. Speaking for the population, he congratulated the winners for playing a "really sweet game", but commanded that they return next year to give the Saints a chance to "get even". Lending his sunny presence to the day's activities was our "Mayor",

Mr. Ike Crellian, who did the duties of scorekeeper, ball issuer genial host and master of ceremonies. Without Ike I hate to think where our ball program would be!

AN EVEN GAME

In the morning of August 7th, the Twins visited the Dodgers and the two teams see-sawed to a 9-9 tie. The Twins started their end of it in the first as Joe Sullivan batted in Bob McKnight and Jack Caplin came in off Ray Couchie's ground out. But, in their half of that inning, the Dodgers struck back with three of their own. First, John Lalonde came in on a bad throw, then Lyle Chickloski on an error and, with the run that put them ahead, Herb Handy. At the top of the fourth, Joe Matwick evened it up again as he sent in Couchie. Roy Boziack then put the Twins ahead when he batted in Savage. At the bottom, Wally Johnson drove off an inside the wall home run while Aube was on base. Next inning, the Twins surged forward again. Freddie Sweet came in from Boziack who then made it himself on a passed ball, and Matwick singled to send Tex Brown home. At the top of the sixth, Sweet drove one of our precious balls over the left field wall for a two-run homer — Caplin was the man on base. This seemed to give the Twins a good edge, but the Dodgers still had one trick left. They played it in the seventh as Campbell doubled to send in Jean-Paul Rodrique, Stewy Lawrence and Chickloski. The pitchers were Rodrique and Potter.

NIGHT SAINT GAME

In the evening of Thursday, August 12th, Sun Berry, a team from Kingston, came in and defeated the Saints 9-1. G. Ball started the victory in the first by homing over the rightfield wall. The Saints solitary run was gain-

ed by Ray Couchie in the third as he made a spectacular slide to the plate on a passed ball. At the top of the fifth, Ware hit another over-the-wall home run, Clark came in from Sands, and the latter scored on an error. Next inning J. Ball made it five to one. In the eighth, G. Ball got his second homer and brother J. Ball got his first with Conners on base. That inning Lichfield also was batted in by Marland. Pitching the win was Phil Lichfield, regular hurler for the Senior "A" Nylon Aces of Kingston. He had seventeen strike-outs. Russ Hobday took the loss for the Saints. (Five days later, Sun Berry returned and won another game by a 4-1 score. Lichfield pitched that one too, and Doug Sperry bore the defeat.)

WIN NO. EIGHT

In the morning of August 14th, the Twins were at the Giants and, predictably, the Giants won — 9-7. Ron Druce opened that scoring as he was batted in by Murray Palmer in the first. Billy Alberts immediately walked home as the bases got a little overloaded, and Palmer came in off Rick Burger's fly-out. In the second, Druce, Alberts and Palmer were all sent in by Ernie Coates. Next inning Druce batted in Red Huntington with a double and Palmer scored on a bad throw. At the top of the fourth, the Twins collected a few of their own. Roy Boziack took number one, Ray Couchie scored from Savage and he and Tex Brown were then batted in by Bob McKnight. Same time next inning, Freddie Sweet crossed the plate on another bad throw. In the sixth, Sweet brought in Jack Caplin, and, in the seventh, Couchie came in from Joe Matwick. Finally, in the Giants' half of the eighth, Alberts scored for the third time; this one on a passed ball. Pitching the win was Russ Hobday, the loss, Jack Caplin.

Well, that's it for now! See you next month!

A Feeble Old Convict

A feeble old Con and a kid named Don,
In their Prison cells one day,
Were talking of life, its joys and its strifes
Just to pass, the time away,
Now the kid he told of jewels and gold
To be had if you knew the game,
He worried not for this bit he'd got,
For the future would bring him fame.
He said he'd pull a few tricks that would baffle the **dicks**
Then let them a clue try and find,
While he'd beat a retreat back to easy-street
With the thoughts of a jail far behind.
Now the old con listened and his eyes they glistened
And when the kid was through—
He said "Now lad, just you listen to Dad,"
And the story that he'll tell you,
I've played them all, both big and small,
And I found it mighty tough
When I met a mob that was on the job,
And ready to call my bluff,
Then I had to shoot, and forget the loot,
For my life was the treasure then,
But like a wolf at bay, I fought my way
Through that mob of thirsty men,
But I wasn't a-scared, and like you I dared
To try it just once more,
When a village cop, gave me the drop,
While prowling a general store,
I made the draw, and so did the law,
Then both our guns spit lead,
And when the smoke had cleared, I was only seared,
But the village cop lay dead.
Then a hoosier mob came on the job,
And I hadn't a chance to run,
I stood on the brink and I tried to think,
But I couldn't out-wit them son,
So they put me in jail without any bail,
And they tried me with first degree,
And I wasn't so game when the trial day came,
With that rope confronting me.
I tried to grin, but I had to give in
For my soul was torn with strife,
And I held my breath for the verdict "Death"
But they settled me here for "Life"
And I'm here yet son, and my days are near run
And my last ray of hope has fled,
And it won't be long till I'm in that throng,
That's numbered with the dead.
But you're young yet son, and you've just begun,
And you've a Mother who waits out there,
So its up to you to make her dreams come true.
And play the game of life on the square."
Now the kid's head dropped as the old Con stopped,
And he whispered "Dad, you're right,
I guess the best plan is to be a man,
Good night Dad."
"Good night Lad—good night."

—Pat. J. Norton



FIRST THAILAND SUBSCRIBER

Dear Editorial Board:

With compliments of the Editorial Board, the four copies of the TELESCOPE which you offered me on June 22nd while I visited you for a short time, will impress me forever.

From my deepest heart I don't know how to thank all of the inmates whom I met. Only ask God saves you till the time of discharging and wish you to be good citizens of your Canada in the near future. Whatever I am going on, please excuse me for my poor English for it is not my mother's tongue. In Thailand I use only Thai language. I just improve my English when I know that I will be sent to abroad. The fact I ever studied English while I was in high school. But when I left the school in the year of 1931, I never use it again.

Now I have a good opportunity to hold the UN's fellowship in field of Social Welfare, subject of Study in Social Defence in the countries of Canada and United States of America. I left Thailand in May. This is the first visit of my life. I'd a good time in Tokyo for three days, in New York for two days, in Ottawa for eighteen days, in Montreal for a week and Kingston for ten days. I'll leave the warmest welcome here (Kingston) on June 30th for Toronto.

I have study Penitentiary tour for more than seven months till January 3rd, 1966 when I'll go back to my home country. Many times I don't understand some brief and some talk owing to my poor English. But anyhow, I'd try my best. One of the wisest men said that "There's a will, there's a way" I'm only to be

cheerful and gay.

I would like to be your friend, so I enclose herewith two dollars for your subscriber. Please send the next twelve issue of the TELESCOPE to me and also to:

Mr. PRADIT BHANICHAKARN
BUREAU OF CRIMINOLOGY
BANGKOK, THAILAND

Before I depart Kingston, I enclose herewith some information on my Department of Corrections and some extraction to publish in your magazine if you are interested in it.

Yours sincerely,
Salab Visudhimark
Warden
Klong Phai Central Prison
Thailand

Thank you, sir. We are interested and an article on Thailand's correctional program will appear in a future issue. Your English is fine much better than our Thai. And from reading your brief on Thailand's prisons it would appear Canada can learn from your country.

Two Asian subscriptions! A few more and we'll be forced to put out a special Thailand edition.

VERY ENJOYABLE

Please renew my subscription to your penal magazine, TELESCOPE. I always enjoy reading the various articles and opinions submitted.

Sincerely,
Rev. A. Blake
R.C. Chaplain
Industrial Farm
Burwash, Ontario

LOVES POETRY

Please find the money I've enclosed in this letter and renew my subscription to the TELESCOPE for another year. I enjoy reading the magazine very much, and especially look forward to reading the poems.

Yours truly,
Helen Curtis
Clinton, Ontario

GREATLY APPRECIATED

Kindly renew my subscription to the TELESCOPE. You will find one dollar enclosed with this letter.

I send them on to my son who was ordained in May and they have been greatly appreciated by him as well as his college friends in London, Ontario.

Thank you,
Mrs. H.H. Lindsey
Kingston, Ontario

NO REPLY

Earlier in the year I sent you an inquiry regarding my many years of subscription to the K.P. TELESCOPE. Over these years there have been lapses in publication. But my subscription has rarely been allowed to lapse because of reminders that are enclosed at the end of my subscription years.

I have not yet had any reply to my last letter. I would like to know if you are still publishing and if I owe you money for a new subscription?

Yours sincerely,
Garth McDowell
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

Our reply must have gone astray and we are sorry that we have caused you needless concern. Your subscription is paid up until June 1966, so stop worrying please. We'll send you a copy of every magazine we can get printed — you can depend on it.

Incidentally, keep writing; we like your style!

Ed.

HE SHOULD LEARN TO LOVE

Hello everyone. It is a long time since I communicated with you by letter. The reason which prompts me to-day is the bigoted attitude of your late subscriber Rev. R.D. Goodrich.

Too bad he has cancelled his subscription to the TELESCOPE, because as a minister for Jesus Christ, there is a lot of loving he should learn to do.

What a beautiful contrast is Rev. T.N. Libby's epistle!

"BY THEIR FRUITS
WE SHALL KNOW THEM"

And it certainly appears as if Rev. Goodrich harvests a mouldy bunch of coconuts.

Keep the TELESCOPE coming. It is a revelation!

Best wishes to all,
Yours sincerely,
Mrs. J.R. Douglas,
North Surrey, B.C.

Thank you for your reply to Rev. Goodrich's letter we will see that he gets to read it in this mag. It's the last issue that he will receive!

Ed!

I APOLOGIZE MOST SINCERELY

On behalf of your fellow man, I apologize most sincerely for the Rev. (?) R.D. Goodrich. Such a Christian outlook, especially from a so-called minister (could not locate such a person) must be very revealing to you.

In our society today, with the science, technological advance, the general affluence, communication, opportunities and — I could go on and on — it seems to me a shame that we harbour such bigotry, sanctimony and general ignorance. I often wonder if we have advanced at all.

And again may I apologize on behalf of our misguided, unthinking and cruel minister.

Sincerely,
D.W. Balmer
Willowdale, Ontario

HEARTACHES

Herewith my subscription for one year. I've been receiving the TELESCOPE every once in a while and would like to receive it as often as it is printed.

When I come home from a long day's work, I enjoy reading the poems, especially the one titled "*Letters from an Inmate's Wife*".

You see, I too have a husband in there, and only those who have gone through it can know the meaning of heartaches.

Keep up the wonderful work and may God bless and keep you all.

Yours sincerely,
Mrs. Frank Sweeney
Hamilton, Ontario

SAW A FAMILIAR FACE

I've seen the TELESCOPE from time to time and have read it with a great deal of interest, wondering whether some of the country's best reporters and editors aren't inside instead of on the street and in newsrooms.

I was surprised to spot the face of one of my former R.C.N. shipmates in a photo of your prison baseball teams. I knew this lad was a bit of a hellion in the navy (and who wasn't?), but I didn't think he was doing that good a job of raising the devil while demonstrating his disdain for the stuffier aspects of forced discipline and rigid authority. As I recall, his hellraising always reflected an admirable sense of humour. I needn't mention his name; you probably know who I mean

Please accept this dollar as payment for my first year's subscription to the K.P. TELESCOPE. I want to continue enjoying it. And maybe I'll find more familiar faces in your pix — as sadistic as that may sound, it certainly reflects no outsider's superiority on my part.

As a matter of fact, some of my closest friends and acquaintances have served time. Many of them are back at their old trades of selling liquor, handling stolen cars, pimping and prostitution and the odd Breaking and Entering, not to

mention cheque passing .. you'll probably meet most of them shortly, for they never last for long out here as things are nowadays.

Off-hand, I find the so-called criminal a nicer guy to drink with and talk to than the character who believes he has never broken a law in his life. The biggest laugh on that kind of dreamer is that he probably breaks five laws every day and doesn't even know it.

Of course, in my business I know a lot of policemen, too! They're not a bad lot generally, when you get to know them. I used to be an inveterate cop-hater. But I've worked at being a night police reporter for most of the past eight years, two of those years on this newspaper, and I've found there is such a thing as a good cop. Cops as a breed still bug me. But I can admire a good policeman who knows enough to keep his nose out and not poke around for trouble all the time.

Best regards to the news staff of the TELESCOPE.

I'll be looking forward to getting my copies.

George Bourne
THE OTTAWA JOURNAL

PUZZLE ANSWERS

DOWN

1. TeTe
2. Item
3. Monistic
4. Ems
5. Defines
6. Dell
7. Sleep
8. Ear
9. Arid
10. Sent
11. Tags
12. Oak
13. Pales
14. Tapes
15. RAF
16. Ena
17. Nee
18. Very good
19. EDL
20. Roy
21. Cairned
22. Dead
23. Got
24. Amole
25. Csar
26. Also
27. Note
28. Owed
29. Good
30. Also
31. Dear
32. Was
33. Pro

ACROSS

1. Time
5. DDS
8. East
12. Atom
13. Eel
14. Area
15. Tens
16. Fleering
18. Ami
19. Oiler
20. DTS
21. Span
22. Pot
25. Retaken
26. Saver
32. Anil
33. Sec.
35. Podo
36. Faced
38. Eagerly
40. Sea
42. Ioty
43. Can
46. Amort
48. Gad
51. Slowdown
53. Pole
54. Asta
55. Lee
56. Rosa
57. Roes
58. Edd
59. Odor

The Hero

Private eye is mighty sly,
Catchum villain by and by—
He no catchum right away,
Miss him five, six times a day!
But he try and try and try,
And he catchum by and by.

Villain he not very sly,
Never killum private Eye!
He have chances every day!
Killum every other guy,
Never killum Private Eye!

Villain hide behind the door;
Hero, he not know the score,
Find himself flat on floor,
Lumps on head like knob on door!
Villain gone without a trace,
No can find him anyplace!

Hero, eager look on face,
Once again take up the chase;
Lumps on head be mighty sore,
Only room for one lump more!
But Right and Justice must prevail,
So Hero gamely pick up the trail.

Once again, just like before,
Villain hide behind the door,
Hero still not know the score,
Once again he on the floor!
Lumps on head (now eight or nine)
Make him look like porcupine!

But Right and Justice must no fail,
So Hero once more pick up the trail;
But now at last he know the score,
Now he peek behind the door
And meet Villain face to face!
Here at last is end of chase!

But Villain too now know the score,
He no fool around no more!
Villain now have change his mind,
He have learned not to be kind,
And just thump hero on the head.
He will shoot the hero dead!

Hero, he no have a chance,
Villain snarl and take his stance;
He have gun; Hero, none!
Villain Boss; Hero, done!
"This is it!" Villain say,
"This time I put you away!"

Villain raise his gun to shoot!!!
Hero punch him on the snoot
Drop him with a judo chop
Take his gun and call a cop!
Villain find himself in jail!
You know the moral of this tale?

and

The Villian



... TAKE ONE A YEAR FOR THE
FIRST FIVE YEARS //

things go
better
with
Coke

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